



WE HAVE JUST COMPLETED OUR "Stock-Taking" and have gotten together hundreds of things which we are willing to sacrifice to get rid of. Odds and ends sold without respect to cost or value. Your personal interest demands an inspection--your duty to yourself and family necessitates a purchase.

Bargains in **SILKS**
BARGAINS IN
Black and Colored Dress Goods

BARGAINS IN **LACES and EMBROIDERIES.**

BARGAINS IN **UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.**

BARGAINS IN **GLOVES and HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Bargains in **Linens and White Goods**

BARGAINS IN **WASH GOODS AND DOMESTIC.**

Boys' Clothing at 50c on the dollar. Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, one-fourth price. Ladies' Suits and Waists, 40 per cent off. Millinery at 50c on the dollar.

CARPETS Our Fall Stock of Carpets, Rugs and Draperies, embracing all the New and Exclusive Designs, now ready for your inspection. Our prices are lower than ever known.

CROCKERY and HOUSEFURNISHINGS We recognize NO COMPETITION. Buying from first hands, and getting the best discounts, we are enabled to sell cheaper than any southern house. Special attention paid to hotel, restaurant and boarding house contracts. If you are furnishing one room or five hundred rooms, we know that we can save you money.

J. M. HIGH & CO.



TAKE IT.

Aunt Fanny's Blackberry Diarrhoea Cordial is an invaluable remedy for the relief and cure of cholera morbus, cramps, diarrhoea, summer complaint, etc. The possible need of an article like this at any time, and the peculiarly quick and grateful relief given by this remedy are the strongest arguments for having it always on hand. Especially serviceable for travelers by sea and land, for farmers and city people, for everybody who appreciates quick relief for severe pain. Price per bottle 25c.

Jacobs' Pharmacy

Everything Retail at Wholesale Prices.
Branch: Cor. PEACHTREE AND DECATUR

ALL WE GOT

To say is that by September 1st we expect to start the new Fall Season in our remodeled and enlarged store with a tremendous stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

ALL WE WANT

to do during the next four weeks is to dispose of everything in our store (except fixtures) for cash at some price.

ALL YOU WANT

is to come in and see. If we don't save you money, don't you buy.

WE'LL BE GLAD

to refund the purchasing price for anything bought of us if our prices and quantities can be duplicated elsewhere. Can we make a fairer offer?

Eiseman & Weil,

Men's and Boys' Outfitters,

3 Whitehall St.

Notice to Contractors.

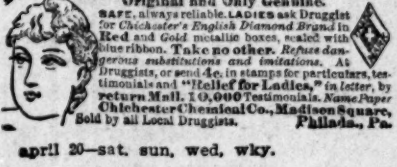
The building committee of the Cordele Female college will receive bids until August 15, 1895, for the erection of a two-story frame school building in Cordele, Ga. The plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Bruce & Morgan, architects, Atlanta, Ga., or at the Naval Store and Lumberman's bank of Cordele. The committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Address Lee B. Jones, chairman, Cordele, Ga. July 21st

Fruit Jars, Lamar & Rankin Drug Co.

sun tues thur

Keep cool. Use a Gasoline Stove. No wood. No ashes. No dirt. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

PENNYROYAL PILLS



TO CHARLESTON AND RETURN \$2.95

Georgia Railroad, August 17th.

NEW RESORT.

Lakewood Park. Refreshments of all kinds served. Cars leave post-office. Traction line.



Office Chairs and Office Desks next week at your price. Come, I will suit you in goods and prices. Everything in my stock will be offered at "CUT PRICES" next week.

T. J. FAMBRO, 87 and 89 Peachtree

: : The Coming Week at : :

M. RICH & BROS

You will see some great Bargains in Reliable Merchandise from all Departments.

OUR WAY

Of reducing stock is to give great values in each article offered for sale.

Ladies' Silk Waists.

You can have your choice of them now at \$3.50. We have a pretty line that were marked \$5.50, \$6.00 and \$7.00—but all are marked \$3.50

Ladies' Percale Waists Still Lower.

The Waists formerly reduced from \$1.25 to 75c are now down to 50c each.

The Waists formerly reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.00 are now down to 75c each.

The Waists formerly reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.50 are now down to \$1.00 each.

Ladies' Percale Shirts reduced from 75c to 35c each.

LINEN SPECIALS.

Colored Linen Doilies from 22 1-2c a dozen up.

White Linen Doilies from 60c a dozen up.

Fine Bleached Damask Napkins from 60c a dozen up.

Large Size Linen Huck Towels, extra value, at \$1.50 per dozen.

Fine White Linen Damasks from 30c a yard up.

HOTEL FURNISHINGS—Linens, Towels, Napkins, Bed Spreads, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Blankets, Comfortables AT CUT PRICES.

Advance Sale of Fall Silks.

100 pieces colored Taffeta Silks, regular \$1.25 goods; we will start off at 85 a yard.

70 pieces colored Taffeta Silks, \$1.50 quality, will go at 90c a yard.

30 pieces of pretty new stripe Taffeta Skirtings, worth \$1.25, at 90c a yard.

18 pieces Plisse Silk, that was \$1.75, now \$1.00 a yard.

75 pieces Wash Silks to close at 19c a yard.

Hosiery.
Ladies' Dropstitch Lisle Hose 25c.
Children's Lisle Hose 15c.
Misses' 1x1 Ribbed 15c.
Gents' full regular Hose 12 1/2c.

Ladies' Suits
At less than half price. All our DUCK SUITS that were \$4.00 and \$4.50 will be closed out at \$2.00 per suit.
CALICO SUITS at 75c per suit.
CALICO SUITS, Blazer style, at \$1.00.

This is Bargain Week of the Season—all kinds Summer Goods have prices cut in two.

PARASOLS—will go at one-third their cost. Fine new silk Parasols just from the manufacturer—Black silk trimmed or plain—White silk trimmed or plain—Colored silk trimmed or plain—All at 35c on the dollar.

New Carpets! New Furniture!
An enormous New Line of Carpets and Furniture have arrived. No one should miss seeing this Great Fall Stock—so low in price and unsurpassed in beauty and design. There are still more goods on the way, and while they are coming in we will continue

OUR CUT PRICE SALE!

Special Value.
Highly Polished Solid Oak, 3-piece Chamber Suit, Bevel Edge Plate Mirror, 16x28 inches—

WILL CONTINUE THIS WEEK AT \$12.50.
—OFFICE FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS AT HALF PRICE!—

Roller Top Desks at \$14.50.
Four-foot Solid Oak Roller Top Desk 17.50.
Five-foot Standing Desk 12.50.
Six-foot Standing Desk 15.00.
Ladies Secretaries from \$4.00 to 20.00.

Dining Room Furniture.
We have as fine a line of Dining Room Furniture as there is in Atlanta we are selling at HALF PRICE!

Solid Oak Hat Racks from \$7.00 up.
Wardrobes from \$10.00 to \$50.00.
Chiffoniers \$7.50 to \$45.00

Folding Beds.
\$20.00 Folding Beds now \$10.00.
\$25.00 Folding Beds now 12.50.
\$50.00 Folding Beds now 30.00.
\$75.00 Folding Beds now 40.00.
\$100.00 Folding Beds now 50.00.

Bed Lounges.
Plush and Tapestry Upholstered Lounges with Solid Oak Frames at \$7.50.
\$15.00 Lounges now 9.00.

COTS—Fine Canvas Cots at \$1.10 each. Woven Wire and Upholstered Cots at \$1.50.

MATTRESSES—Wire Spring—Feather Pillows, Sheets, Pillow Cases, etc., all at cut prices.

WINDOW SHADES—Spring Rollers—Size 3x6 feet only 15c. Size 3x7 feet only 20c.

CARPET OTTOMANS—Usually sold at 75c and \$1.00, now 25c.
FUR RUGS—36x72, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50 each.

PRETTY NEW CARPETS.

You know "The largest buyers buy the cheapest," "The largest sales permit the smallest profit," "Reliable goods give the best satisfaction." We buy and sell five (5) times as many Carpets of standard makes than any house in the South.

OUR FALL STOCK OF CARPETS AND MATTINGS NOW IN.
We undersell anybody and everybody. Get our estimates and see our beautiful line.

M. RICH & BROS., 54 & 56 Whitehall St.

Salt Rheum

Blood Diseases—How

May Be Cured.

Apply from what Hood's Sarsaparilla, not only once or twice, but in cases, we can honestly say, the best remedy for all blood diseases, whatever the cause. A combination, Proprietary, it possesses positive and peculiar to itself.

It is the most virtuous case of Salt Rheum, even when in the most advanced stage, and when the blood is impure, it is the best remedy for all blood diseases, whatever the cause. A combination, Proprietary, it possesses positive and peculiar to itself.

Sarsaparilla

Blood Purifier prominently today. Prepared only by Dr. J. C. Wells, Mass., U.S.A. Agents. \$1.50 per bottle.

It is the best after-dinner drink. They assist digestion.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. B. BROTHERS, Engineers, 57 State St. Atlanta, Ga. Attention given to all mechanical work. July 25-26.

D. H. HOWELL, Attorney at Law, 101½ Whitehall St. Office hours from 9 to 5. July 11-12.

A. DREWRY, Attorney at Law, 101½ Whitehall St. Office hours from 9 to 5. July 11-12.

M. A. HALE, Attorney at Law, 101½ Whitehall St. Office hours from 9 to 5. July 11-12.

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CURSE OF THE COBBLE STONE

Auburn Avenue and Its Relation to the History of Atlanta.

It is a sturdy reminder of Atlanta's dark days that section of the city called Wheat street, or Auburn avenue, "Sweet Auburn," some one has said, because it wears an aspect more deserted than Goldsmith's imagination could have painted.

It is a story full of tender pathos, telling of buoyant hope, a plucky struggle and overwhelming defeat.

There was a time when Wheat street was the most progressive thoroughfare in Atlanta. The eyes of all citizens turned down the long avenue of trees and watched the life and spirit there with unfeigned pride. It was the Atlanta spirit and some allege that this spirit had its birthright there along the elm-empowered walks of old Wheat street.

At any rate, this section of the city was among the first to take on new growth, and in that transitional period when Atlanta began to emerge from the village and throw about herself the draping of the splendid city she is today, Wheat street bobbed up and announced to the world that her highways would be paved. Congratulations came for her plucky spirit. Other streets looked on with envious eyes. But the pavement came—it is there now—this pavement—rugged, sharp, uneven. There was nothing ugly in its appearance in those days. People looked on and pronounced it beautiful. Late in the afternoon the street was crowded with fine equipages and the hum of trade and commerce rattled off its stony way.

This cobble stone was king and all hailed it with delight. Its appearance was a sign for increased energy, and other portions of the city less prosperous awoke to the realization of the fact that they had best beat themselves to keep pace with the lead that this flourishing street had made.

Atlanta began to shake off her lethargy, stretch out her territory and spur herself on to greater endeavor. The envious streets began to cast about for material with which to pave. The quarries of Stone mountain began to open up and give forth a supply of fine cut granite flagging. The cobble stone was defeated and ignominiously routed.

The triumph of the granite marked a new era in the history of the city. Mud streets and dirt roads, before unfrequented, became surging scenes of commercial strife and activity. Stone mountain began to give up its limitless resources and its wealth of rock was spread in every direction.

It was like a revolution. All parts of the city began to flourish as the green bay tree. There was no longer any envy, and the spiteful streets began to lift their eyebrows in haughty pride at the primeval garb of Wheat street. But Wheat still held a stiff upper lip and looked at the vain-glories of her rivals with a smile.

Then came the change greatest of all. The horse cars began to disappear. Wheat street had been singularly blessed in this respect and section of the city was now supplied with a better car service. The mules and horses on that line were fat and speedy and the conductors polite and accommodating. Great was Wheat street and her horse car lines.

But there came a fall like Lucifer's. Parallel with Wheat street Edgewood avenue was cut. Electric cars began to shoot about the city.

Other streets parallel to Wheat awoke to life and secured car lines. From that day to this has Wheat street seen no change, unknown and unused save by those who raise their voice to tell of the curse of the cobble stone.

Today Wheat, or Auburn avenue, tells what Atlanta was ten years ago and vividly to the eyes of those who have seen the phenomenal development of this marvelous city should take a trip out its tortuous length.

Two opportunities offer for making this trip, and that is upon the arrival of hayburner about 8 o'clock in the morning, and its return at twilight hours. Auburn avenue is not the place for a man with a heavy insurance policy to drive over. This hayburner, however, is a sure life preserver. The mules that pull this ancient vehicle are not ill fed. They are permitted to browse along the way and they can almost nip the top of the high grass without being uncheckered.

It is about 8 o'clock in the morning when the dreary tinkling of the bell tied to one of the old mules' collars breaks the stillness of this street. Then comes one car at a jogging speed, for it is necessary for the animals to take their morning meal on the way, and the driver, who was late the night before, needs a nap.

Fryer street is a terminus, and it is there that the animals stop at the sound of a deep-lunged "whoa" from the man who holds the reins. Driver and steeds stop for some time in order to catch breath before the return trip.

Should you get aboard it might be well to carry an alarm clock in case of an emergency and you forget that you are

when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood purifier; that's what you get when you use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments, with Scrofula, in every shape, and all blood-taints, no matter from what cause arising, it is an unequalled remedy.

SCROFULOUS ABSCESSSES.

Mr. BELLE SWEENEY, of Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va., writes: "About four years ago I took scrofula, and did everything that doctors prescribed, but only got worse. Several abscesses formed about my neck and breast, discharging a quantity of matter. I read all the medical works I could get hold of, and among your works I read some of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with his Pleasant Pellets."

I procured some and commenced using them and began to mend. In six months my sores were all healed up. I am forty-five years old and believe I am as stout as I ever was in my life. I used about one dozen bottles of the "Golden Medical Discovery" with the "Pleasant Pellets," and used nothing else after I began using your medicines."

THE GIRL WHO WAS FITTED ABOUT HER USUAL BUSINESS.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said, slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to you one minute privately?"

You can say what you've got to say when you look after me."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up they lit on the snowy shelves of bright utensils and shining saucers which lined the walls.

"How different you've put your place from what a man's shanty is—"

But she stayed his compliments. "You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes; next to Reuben Halse till his place was burnt out and he came to my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

You saw Rube? Mary clasped her hands together. "Yes, he was here."

"Yes, he and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted, and the reason why."

He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we've been good pals and I'd like to do him a turn now he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

As weeks and months went by and the green of the canyon changed to red and the red of the canyon changed to blue, Paul was to give up the saloon. And, indeed, for a space Ffolliott's name did not, till one October morning his allowance—the money which bought his furniture from his disgruntled presence—arrived from England.

For the next week Ffolliott's was a pandemonium, with the "Beating" and a presidential demon.

Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. The day after he had himself before her one day and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerful and proud to stand, and she and he had companions.

And she did what other good women have done before her. She placed her hand in his, and with her heart she promised to marry Paul for his sake.

The eve of this marriage day arrived, and with it Paul's awkwardness, and the occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the bride that he had standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk his last. He was also full of love for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table, and he was looking at it with a look of wonder and awe.

Another round on Mary's honor when Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Hallo, Bill, you back?"

"What luck, pard?"

"Luck, my lad! I leave luck to fools and gold to the devil. I've got something, I've got my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've got a good deal of it."

Paul looked up with a start. Here was he, drunk in a gambling hall on the eve of his marriage with Mary and Rube had come back.

"I had Rube back, but don't let me disturb the game. Come, come, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as Rube here is a desperado, let me drink and let me stand."

"I'm standing treat," shouted Paul, springing up. "I've got a drink with me, and with this fine liquor I'll give you a drink and a good one."

A pistol flashed, a blue puff of smoke died in the air, and Paul lay on his back, dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the postoffice to break the news to Mary. The man who had been in the window and by it they saw Rube had been talking. Quietly and with bowed head he left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough and ready jury, having considered all the circumstances of the case, returned a verdict of "guilty" and the man who had been in the window and by it they saw Rube had been talking. Quietly and with bowed head he left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

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THE JUDGE'S BRIDE.

The wedding was over and the old judge and his pretty bride had started on their bridal tour followed by the congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends.

It was in every way an ideal marriage, people said. The judge was on the right side of sixty—a handsome man with a fortune bordering on a million, and his bride was a beautiful girl of twenty, cultured and refined, but penniless and friendless but for the charity of the uncle who had been her protector from childhood.

The poor little orphan liked the judge well enough, but she was not so sure about loving him. Love would come in time, her uncle had told her, and she believed him. At any rate she was proud of her husband. He was a lawyer of national fame, and in Washington, where he lived, he was quite a lion in his way.

The train was speeding onward, and as the miles multiplied between her and the little village which she was leaving forever, as she thought, the bride grew pensive, and she found herself wondering what changes would come with her new life. Would she be happy, and would her uncle forget her and lose all interest in her future?

These thoughts flitted through her mind, and she found it difficult to take part in her husband's bright talk.

The judge was at his best that night, and in order to entertain his companion he drew upon his past life for such reminiscences as he thought would interest her. "Blake," he shouted the conductor as they approached a little station.

"That is the name of the first man I ever sent to the gallows," said the judge. The figure by his side gave a slight start. "Who was he, and what was his crime?" she asked.

"Oh, it is not much of a story," replied her husband. "You see, when I was a young man, long before I moved to Washington, I practiced law out in Kansas, which was then a frontier state."

"Friends got me appointed judge, and before I had been on the bench a week 'Dick Blake'—"

"Dick Blake?"

"Yes, that was his name. He was charged with murder and convicted. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial, but the jury found a verdict of guilty, and, of course, I had to sentence him."

"You sentenced him to death?"

"Certainly I did. It was my first experience in that line, and I gave the prisoner a very impressive talk, and wound up by sending him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and when I asked God to have mercy on his soul I put so much solemn emphasis into my words that Blake turned pale and trembled like a leaf."

"I feel sorry for the poor fellow. He had a good face and looked like a gentleman, but the evidence was against him, and I had to do my duty."

"He was executed?"

"Yes, he died on the gallows," said the judge. "He protested his innocence to the last, and he conducted all the way through was that of a brave man."

The bride with averted face was looking through the window into the darkness, and it was easy to see that she was greatly agitated.

"The worst of it is," continued the judge, "Blake was innocent."

"Innocent you say?"

"Undoubtedly. After his death the real murderer turned up and confessed. The boys lynched him before I had a chance to try him."

The girl looked steadily through the window, and she thought that he heard a suppressed sob.

He almost regretted that he had told her such a sad story, but it was too late to undo the mischief.

"Did you ever find out anything about Blake?" asked his listener.

"Not very much," was the response. "I heard that he belonged to a good family."

He was a splendid looking man—not over thirty, with piercing gray eyes and hair like gold. His love of adventure carried him to the frontier, and when he was tried in my court his case was badly managed. I believe that he left a wife and child in his old home, but I have forgotten where he lived."

Still, the listener maintained her drooping attitude. Apparently she was very much interested in the story, or perhaps she was fatigued or ill.

The judge began to think that the hanging episode was not exactly the thing to tell to a young and tender-hearted woman. "The law occasionally makes a mistake," he said, "and this was one. But it is better for an innocent man to suffer once in a while than to administer justice too loosely."

Besides, for all I know, Blake may have been a bad man. If his life had been spared he might have developed into the worst kind of a desperado. The case has never given me any mental distress. After all, one life more or less is a small matter."

Not a word came from the shrinking woman at the window.

The judge grew restless. It was very dull sitting there with a pretty bride who would not talk.

At last he rose and said that he would go into the smoking car for a few moments. An old friend of his was there, he said, and he wanted to say a word to him on business.

The girl merely nodded and said something in a low tone which the judge construed into assent.

The solitary traveler remained motionless for some time after the departure of his companion. There were few passengers in the car, and she was not acquainted with any of them.

As the train rushed onward through the darkness she quickly matured her plan, and made up her mind to carry it out at all hazards. Drawing a notebook from her satchel she penciled a few words and placed the paper on the judge's overcoat, which hung in the back of the seat.

Just then the train stopped. The girl knew the place well. It was the junction and at this point she could in half an hour

Form No. 2.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. INCORPORATED. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD. THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

THE JUDGE'S BRIDE.

The wedding was over and the old judge and his pretty bride had started on their bridal tour followed by the congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends.

It was in every way an ideal marriage, people said. The judge was on the right side of sixty—a handsome man with a fortune bordering on a million, and his bride was a beautiful girl of twenty, cultured and refined, but penniless and friendless but for the charity of the uncle who had been her protector from childhood.

The poor little orphan liked the judge well enough, but she was not so sure about loving him. Love would come in time, her uncle had told her, and she believed him. At any rate she was proud of her husband. He was a lawyer of national fame, and in Washington, where he lived, he was quite a lion in his way.

The train was speeding onward, and as the miles multiplied between her and the little village which she was leaving forever, as she thought, the bride grew pensive, and she found herself wondering what changes would come with her new life. Would she be happy, and would her uncle forget her and lose all interest in her future?

These thoughts flitted through her mind, and she found it difficult to take part in her husband's bright talk.

The judge was at his best that night, and in order to entertain his companion he drew upon his past life for such reminiscences as he thought would interest her. "Blake," he shouted the conductor as they approached a little station.

"That is the name of the first man I ever sent to the gallows," said the judge. The figure by his side gave a slight

HER CASE A SAD ONE

No Evidence Found To Substantiate the Charge of Murder.

MRS. SPIVEY'S ARREST RETOLD

She Suffered in Body and Mind from Her Imprisonment and Disgrace—A Strikingly Beautiful Woman.

Montgomery, Ala., August 3.—(Special.)—“Better is it that ninety-nine who are guilty shall escape than that one innocent person be punished,” was the underlying theory of criminal jurisprudence long before any law books were written. Upon it is based the presumption that every man is innocent until his guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The courts of this country adhere to this teaching; but with the public charge, an indictment, is too often taken as an evidence of guilt.

The sensational preliminary trial here of Mrs. Mai Spivey, a beautiful and cultured woman, charged with the murder of her husband, has been recited to the readers of The Constitution through its Alabama news columns this week. The case has attracted the attention of the reading public throughout the entire country and a review of its important features, and the events leading up to them may prove of interest now.

About fifteen years ago a young mechanic named Zachary, and his young and beautiful wife, came here from Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Zachary's mother, formerly Mrs. Lucile of Nashville, had come here to live, having married a thrifty photographer named Boulter. Zachary is said to have been an attractive fellow, intelligent and good looking, but exceedingly dissipated, and it was probably on account of Mrs. Zachary's desire to be near and under the protection of her mother that the removal of her husband and herself came about.

Zachary continued to drink heavily during his residence here. A child was born to his wife about a year after she came to Montgomery. Very soon afterwards, while on a visit to his old home in Nashville, his wife and child being in this city, Zachary became intoxicated and fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

Mrs. Zachary mourned his loss for some three or four years, with apparent bitterness and sincerity. About this time she met W. H. Spivey, a young man of splendid appearance, tall and graceful. His gentle manner, good looking, intelligent, and handsome face soon won her affections, and they were married. In a year or two a boy baby was born to them.

Mr. Spivey was a shoe clerk and while he was a man of industrious methods and excellent habits, he was not employed in his earnings were by no means large and his wife, being possessed of very much more than an ordinary amount of energy, conceived the idea of assisting him to increase the family income. Being an adept with the needle she at first attempted to make money from the sale of her fancy work. This proved unprofitable and she determined to rent a building and keep a hotel in a small way. She secured desirable quarters in a building on Dexter street, between Perry and Lawrence streets, and for several years has conducted an apparently well regulated establishment. Her husband during all this time was working industriously as a salesman in a prominent Dexter avenue shoe firm. The couple kept well up with their bills, and to all appearances the family was an exceedingly happy and well regulated one.

Spivey's Sudden Death.
About the middle of last June Mr. Spivey was taken sick. He was subject to very severe headaches, which totally unfit him for business and upon their approach his employers always cheerfully allowed him to quit work and to remain at home until he had recovered. It appears that his attack in June was a more protracted one than usual. He remained in bed a week, the pain going and coming at intervals. His wife nursed him most tenderly to all appearances and seemed extremely anxious on his behalf. About noon on the 24th Mr. Spivey rather suddenly became worse. Not recovering in three hours, his wife became alarmed and sent for Dr. R. S. Hill, the family physician—Dr. Michel being absent from the city. Dr. Hill came at once, but the patient was fast dying and in fifteen minutes after the physician arrived Spivey breathed his last.

Mr. Spivey had many friends in the city, and regret at his unexpected death was almost universal. The funeral was a quiet one, the remains being accompanied to the grave by a coterie of friends and the Order of the Golden Chain and National Union. Mrs. Spivey, who followed the body to its last resting place, evidenced great grief and cried bitterly during the mournful programme, but tempered her emotions with dignity and gentle forbearance throughout. Up to this time no breath of suspicion of any foul play had been heard, and Mrs. Spivey had the sympathy of the city.

About a week after the funeral it became whispered around that Spivey's father, who is an honest farmer living in this county, had suspicions that Spivey's death had not been natural. The fact that he had died suddenly leaving \$7,000 insurance in favor of his wife was the original ground for this suspicion.

The Widow Arrested.

Two weeks more passed by without anything further being given the public. It appears, however, that all this time detectives were looking into the matter. On July 14th a coroner's jury was empaneled and a thorough investigation was commenced. The following night Mrs. Spivey was arrested and placed in jail. She protested her innocence. The coroner's jury ordered Spivey's remains exhumed and sent the stomach and intestines to the state chemist at Auburn for analysis with the consent of the defendant. While the jury was awaiting the examination of the contents of the stomach other details of the case were being developed. The certificate of death made out by Dr. Hill was produced. The certificate ascribed no cause of death in the blank left for that purpose, but under the heading of “Remarks” further on the physician certified it was his belief that the deceased came to his death from morphine poison. This circumstance was reinforced by the testimony of one Effie Crittenden, a negro servant in Mrs. Spivey's employ, who swore that the lady had twice during the day of Mr. Spivey's death sent her out to purchase morphine and two notes ordering ten grains each of the drug were produced by local druggists. The notes were written apparently in Mrs. Spivey's handwriting. These facts, taken in connection with the statement of Mrs. Spivey that there had been no morphine in the house for two or three years, and her knowledge of the effect of arraigning public opinion against her, and it was confidently expected that when the state chemist reported he would be found to have discovered morphine in the dead man's intestines.

State Chemist Ross made his report to the jury on July 22d. He said he had, after a most careful investigation, found no trace of morphine in the stomach; that he had applied all of the well-recognized tests without finding even a trace. He said, however, it was not improbable that a compound substance like morphine should undergo a change in the presence of such active agents as embalming fluids, most of which contain strong oxidizing or reducing properties. He gave it as his opinion that “three weeks' contact with such powerful agents would demoralize and destroy all appearance of morphine. Upon this testimony, taken in connection with the rest, the jury returned

ed a verdict charging Mrs. Spivey with the murder of her husband by morphine poison.

In Jail.
The woman was, of course, remitted to jail, the offense with which she was charged not being a bailable one. Her preliminary trial was set for Monday, July 23d, but in spite of her earnest entreaties the case was continued for a week in order that the report of the state chemist as to the contents of the other intestines could be received and offered in evidence. In the meantime the woman's sufferings in jail were intense. The mortification, the anxiety, the terror of being in prison, under the same roof with a lot of dirty, ignorant negro criminals, almost ran her crazy. She paced her cell and day like a caged animal and would not admit anyone excepting her lawyers. She has a mortal dread of a reporter and trembled when ever one came about. The only interview that has ever been extracted from her was: “I am innocent. That is all I have to say.” Tender-hearted people sent flowers and easy chairs and other tokens of sympathy and good will to her cell, but physical comfort appeared to give her little gratification. All in the world she appeared to want was to be free.

Another week in jail passed and the day for her trial finally came. Monday morning Justice Fuller called the case in the presence of a courtroom full of interested listeners. The preliminary trial developed nothing new of interest. No morphine had been found in the other intestines by the state chemist. He reiterated, however, what he had said with reference to the probable effects of embalming fluid on morphine. The negro girl Effie Crittenden, swore she had seen Mrs. Spivey write the note ordering the second dose of morphine. She said Mrs. Spivey had said to her that Mr. Spivey had vomited up the first dose. Several reputable witnesses swore they would not believe the negro on oath, knowing her to be irresponsible. Mrs. Spivey was not put upon the stand. During the two days of the trial she sat modestly beside her lawyer. Her little six-year-old son—the son of her last husband—played about the courtroom with his marbles and trinkets unaware of the peril that appeared to threaten his mother.

Released by the Court Judge.

During the arguments of the attorneys on the second day of the trial Mrs. Spivey paid the most careful attention. She showed plainly that she appreciated what was in her favor and what against her. Judge Fuller at the close of the arguments announced that in his capacity of committing magistrate he must first be convinced that a crime had been committed and then be reasonably persuaded that the defendant had committed it. He said he had not been convinced of the first proposition; that the evidence was not conclusive that Spivey has not died a natural death, and he therefore ordered the defendant released.

For a moment the pretty face of Mrs. Spivey wore the same anxious, puzzled expression it had during the crisis of the trial. For as long a time the vast assembly stood in breathless silence. Then the full realization of the effect of the judgment burst upon her and her expression changed in an instant from one of pain to one of intense joy. The transformation was greeted by a mighty shout from the crowd. Hats were pitched in the air and yell after yell went up. The people gathered around Mrs. Spivey and almost suffocated her with their demonstrations of congratulation. The ladies cried on her, the men choked down the lumps in their throats and shouted good luck to her.

Since the ordeal of the trial Mrs. Spivey has spent all of her time in her rooms. She has been visited by numerous charitable inclined ladies and has appeared to appreciate their attentions most sincerely. She declines to say whether she has any plans for the future. In fact, the chances are that her case will be revived before the grand jury when it meets and that she will have to stand the torture of another trial. Her friends appear to dread it. In the least, they believe their client is innocent and feel confident that no case of murder can be proved against her.

What Caused Spivey's Death?
A question that is naturally asked is: “If Spivey did not die of morphine poison, what did he die of?” This is a difficult problem, even to the learned in the profession of medicine. One very able and experienced doctor who has long been Spivey's family physician says it is possible that his sudden death is traceable to the cause of the violent headaches with which he suffered. There appears to be a disease that operates somewhere between the cerebrum and cerebellum, the cerebral ganglia, of which are very similar to those of morphine poison.

Another explanation is suicide. It is stated that Spivey had for some years been suffering from a nervous condition with lung trouble and he is said to have threatened that as soon as he became convinced of it he would take his own life.

The insurance companies have withheld the payment of the \$7,000 insurance on Spivey's life. It seems that some time ago Spivey determined to drop the policy of \$5,000, but his wife undertook the payment of the premiums as they fell due and kept the insurance in effect.

Mrs. Spivey's stepfather, Mr. Boulter; her eldest son, Young Zachary, who is a clerk in a shoe store here; her husband's city; her family physician, Dr. Michel, and her attorney, Messrs. A. A. Wiley and James Fuller, have been her counselors and considerate advisers. They have made a hard and so far successful fight for her and promise not to relax their energies until her good name is entirely freed from the clouds of suspicion which surround it.

School of Languages.

Colonel Colton Lynes has his studio at 22 East Harris street. Spanish, French or German lessons to ladies and gentlemen. Strictly private or in class. Hours to suit. Refers to Governor Northern, Major Samuel, Colonel Nelson, Bishop Nelson, Senator Don N. Altuzarra, 23 Peachtree street.

AT HOME

With a Big Stock and Big Bargains—R. S. Crutcher, the Popular Furniture Man.
Mr. R. S. Crutcher, the popular furniture man of 33 Peachtree street, has just returned from the western and northern markets, where he has spent the last six weeks, buying his fall stock. Every day now will bring shipment after shipment until his mammoth store will be laden with a stock that will not be surpassed in the south. He has made great preparations for the exposition trade and is now ready to offer bargains that will fairly startle the trading public.

Did You Want One?

Again, next week, the “Keto,” 23 Marietta street, will give away every lady visiting their place an elegant souvenir. ‘Tis quite a treat to see their immense stock of Japanese and Chinese goods and everything goes at surprisingly low prices. All next week they will make special sale and everything will go at a special bargain. Don't miss this chance—23 Marietta street, remember.

Bananas.

McCullough Bros. are headquarters for bananas in Atlanta. Just received two cars of fancy fruit. Rush your orders. Price no object. They are distributing agents for the largest direct importers in America. Don't forget that if you want fancy fruit at low price.

Tribly Hearts and Chains, the latest fad,

new stock. MAIER & BERGER, 21 Whitehall street.

Lost.

The greatest opportunity of your life if you fail to get some of the great bargains that R. S. Crutcher is offering on furniture. 33 Peachtree street.

Novelties in silver, new designs.

MAIER & BERGER, 21 Whitehall street.

MUSIC AND ART SCHOOLS

Of the Cox College Offer Ideal Advantages to Students.

THE MEMORABLE CONCERT TOURS

The Ladies' Orchestra of Southern Female College is Famous—The Art Studios Well Equipped.

Music and art are at home in the Southern Female college at Manchester. For fifty years this college has been pre-eminent for music. The teachers who have given most fame to the music department are Misses Sallie and Alice Cox, who still continue in charge, aided by a brilliant array of skilled teachers and finished performers.

The Misses Cox, before twelve years of age, had gone beyond the usual courses of music in female colleges. For seven years afterwards, they were under the training of Professor Herman Schirmacher, a graduate of Leipzig, pupil of Mendelssohn, Fiedler, Moscheles and David, devoting triple the usual time to piano, violin and other musical studies. In order to attain the highest proficiency in technique and expression they took special lessons from Mme. Julia Rive-King, August Roebelin and Gustave Satter.

The following is a translation of Miss Alice Cox's diploma, from the Klindworth-Scharwenka conservatory, Berlin, Germany:—

“For Miss Cox, Student of the Conservatory.

“I. Musical Talent—Very superior, her excellent memory especially remarkable. II. Diligence, Work and Progress, Piano Forte (advanced class of Dr. Ernst Fiedler)—Miss Cox has pursued her study of piano with the greatest assiduity and untiring energy. Her technical skill is developed to virtuosity, and her musical feeling is excellent, so that she has been able to master the highest demands of her art with the most beautiful success. In the same high degree, her talent for teaching deserves recognition.

“Miss Cox is warmly recommended by us, not only as a distinguished concert player, but as an excellent teacher, who will not fail of great success.”

“PROF. HERMANN GENSS, “PHILIP SCHARWENKA, DR. HUGO GOLDSCHMIDT, The Directors.”

“DR. ERNST FIEDLER, “Teacher of Special Instrument.”

“Berlin, April 1, 1894.”

Miss Alice Cox teaches the piano to advanced pupils, and Mrs. Sallie Cox Stanton gives instruction upon the violin and organ. Mrs. Stanton is the leader of the ladies' orchestra, which has enjoyed such a wide and unique reputation for fifteen years. The organization usually consists of some thirty performers.

Everybody remembers the several concert tours by the teachers and pupils of the Southern Female (Cox) college. Last summer the orchestra gave concerts in Atlanta, Macon, Americus, Columbus, Montgomery and other cities of Georgia and Alabama.

It is with pleasure that the Southern Female college announces the engagement of Mme. Pauline Bredell-Duerr. The lady is a teacher and vocalist of excellence, and possesses great resources of ability. Mme. Bredell-Duerr has achieved triumphs before the critical public in Europe, South America, and in this country. She is a full course graduate of the Neuen Academie der Tonkunst, in Berlin, and while there studied vocal culture under Dr. Gustav Engel, Mme. Viardot Garcia and Professor Julius Schaffer. She was also a fellow student with Philip and Xavier Scharwenka, Moritz Moszkowski, Nicoda, Frauline Ausder Ahe, and Miss Renner, under the instruction of Theodor Kullak, Gresslauer and Capellmeister Richard Wuerst.

Below are given a few of the numerous press criticisms of Mme. Bredell-Duerr's performances:

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.
Easter Morning.—The grandest display of all was by Mlle Bredell, an operatic artist (soprano) from Berlin, Germany, just arrived in New York. Her voice is sweet, bird-like, sympathetic in tone and of phenomenal range. Her trills and cadenzas in the “Agnus Dei” electrified the congregation. The Protestants who crowded the aisles turned with marked approbation towards the organ loft. —New York Tribune.

“Mlle Pauline Bredell, the soprano soloist, sang the grand aria from Goldmark's ‘Queen of Sheba.’ ‘At last I am Alone.’ In the intelligence and refinement, and method and ease with which she surmounted the exactions of the aria she once proved herself the artist. Mlle Bredell was much applauded and encored.” —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chamber Concert.

“Mlle Bredell fairly entranced the audience by her marvelous execution and wonderful command of the apparently most difficult passages in the selections from ‘Der Freischutz,’ which, however, were executed with the greatest ease.” —London Times.

“And when came the ‘Wedded Song,’ from the opera of the ‘Huguenots,’ in which Mlle Bredell acquitted herself to such perfection that she fairly took the house by storm.” —New York Sun.

“Since Pauline Bredell left us we have not had the pleasure of hearing and listening to the finished artistic results of classical and modern song. The large audience of last night reminded us of the Salon Musicales, where Mlle Bredell fairly entranced her audience by her marvelous execution and wonderful command over her voice. She is a vocalist of excellence; her voice is wonderfully sympathetic and of immense compass. Her delivery is delicate in shading, and her singing of ‘German Lieder,’ by Schumann and Schubert, was perfect in the great depth of feeling. Mlle Bredell combines a perfect method, and what is of greatest value in singing, an extremely clear and distinct enunciation. As a teacher and vocal scientist, she has not been surpassed in this country.” —Manchester Times, England.

The other teachers in music are as follows:—

Mrs. F. M. Burke—Piano medalist and graduate of Southern Female (Cox) college. Miss Blanche Hooten—Piano, guitar, mandolin, piano; music pupil and graduate of Southern Female (Cox) college.

Miss Sallie Stakely—Piano, harp, history of music; pupil of Miss Alice Cox and Chicago conservatory (auditorium).

Professor A. F. Wurm—Cornet and Clarinet.

The Art School.

This department of the college is under the charge of Mr. J. P. Field, assisted by Miss Lucy Stanton and Miss Bessie Lane. Mr. Field was a pupil for three years of the “Academie Julian,” the best art school of Paris, and pursued his studies under the direction of MM. Jules Lefebvre, J. J. Benjamin-Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Messrs. Henry Moshier and P. A. Bridgman.

Miss Lucy Stanton, the college art medalist of 1891, teaches drawing and crayon. In addition, Miss Bessie Lane teaches class drawing in the schoolroom.

Two large studios are fully equipped for the study of art. Crayon and painting models, casts, drawings from still life, and studies by former pupils adorn the walls. The medal pictures of previous years belong to the studio, these having been presented by the pupils.

For teaching drawing the studio is supplied with a number of plaster casts of famous statuary, heads, human figures, vases and various objects. Other models are constantly being added. Special effort is made to have this branch of study attractive, and only pupils having made some advancement in it are allowed to contest for the medals. The course in crayon portrait work is especially attractive.

“Composition” work is encouraged—selecting and combining features into a new whole—and also the preparation of entirely original pictures and designs. The Evans creative art medal is highly prized by a fortunate winner.

For music and art there is now no need for our southern girls to go north, but in our own salubrious climate, in Atlanta's elegant suburb, Manchester, the Cox college furnishes all advantages in acquiring the accomplishments.

Refrigerators at cost—Hunnicuttt & Bellingrath Co.

MAIER & BERGER, 21 Whitehall street.



“Hang Your Banners on the Outer Walls.

The Cry is, Still They Come!”

And yet the standard impregnable Gibraltar, the diamond among the rubbish of all beers—Barbarossa—stands at the head! All over the United States people drink it because it is the Best, and because it costs no more than inferior beers—watery compounds, which bear no more resemblance to Barbarossa than a tallow dip does to the noonday sun.



As the Shadow is to the Substance

So are all other beers compared to “Barbarossa,” made by the Christian Moerlein Brewing Company, of Cincinnati. It is beyond question the finest beer ever manufactured. It is cool, creamy, sparkling, and the embodiment of science, capital, patience, research and the utmost skill in brewing.

FOR WEAK PEOPLE it is a panacea. It builds up and invigorates. It is the best food drink for nursing mothers and for all an excellent tonic. For invalids it is invaluable.

DRINK BARBAROSSA

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

It Is Carefully Bottled

And Leads All Others.

J. B. WHITLEY,

Wholesale Dealer, No. 33 Alabama Street.

Also for Sale by the R. M. Rose Co. by the Cask or Dozen.

SUNNY SIDE Of the ... GEORGIA PEACH.

A Propitious Season and Good Transportation Facilities Have Given the Peach Industry a New Impetus in the South . . .

The early winter frosts, the ideal spring weather and the excellent transportation facilities have all combined to make the peach crop this season one of the most pronounced successes that has ever been achieved in the history of the industry in the south.

Taken all in all, the crop that is now being gathered, has been without a parallel, and though much was hoped for, a great deal more has been realized.

It was predicted early in the spring that an immense crop would be gathered, but even the most sanguine hopes of the growers have been realized, and the crop has far exceeded all estimates. The early frosts that occurred just before the opening of the season and the propitious weather that followed, have, in a great measure, produced the finest peaches and the largest crop that have ever been harvested in the south, and especially in this state. In many ways the peach has been one of the most remarkable crops that has ever been gathered, and from all sections the most encouraging reports have been received.

The crop is simply immense, and though the market has been amply supplied, the demands have been steady throughout the entire season. The prevailing prices have been good, and at no time has it been apparent that there would be a decrease in values. In fact, the prices paid this year have been a matter of surprise to the growers themselves, and, instead of being disappointed, they are encouraged to believe that the prospect for the peach is brighter than ever before. The season of '95 has been a red letter one in the annals of the industry, and the result will be that more orchards will be set out and better attention paid the trees that are already in good bearing condition. Every circumstance connected with the culture of the fruit has been most propitious this year, and the growers are thoroughly satisfied with what has been accomplished.

The handling of the crop, which has always been a perplexing question, has been accomplished in a most satisfactory manner this season, and not a single car that has been shipped from this state has been damaged while in the care of the railroads. When it is remembered that there are thousands of cars which have been handled by the roads before the season is closed, it will be seen that this record is a most excellent thing. The cars that are now being used by the shippers are of the latest pattern, and, when thoroughly loaded and with good schedules, it is almost impossible to have a car become stale while in transit. The crop has been better cared for than ever, with less loss of time, and when the peach is pulled from the tree in the afternoon, it has almost invariably been loaded on the car on the following day and started without delay on its long journey. This rapid movement of the crop has accomplished wonders and the losses of cars on account of long and really unnecessary delays while in the care of the railroads have become a thing of the past.

The Elberta, queen of her tribe, has been the peach that has predominated in all shipments this year, and it continues to hold its wonderful popularity with the people of the west and east. The demand for the Elberta has been exceedingly good, and prices are remunerative. Of all varieties of peaches that have been shipped from this state it is probable that this grade of peach has composed more than 75 per cent. The Elberta is a hardy peach, and, when properly packed and well loaded, will last for weeks. It possesses qualities that are not to be found in the other varieties, and it has been known to suffer on account of delays in shipping.

The season of '95 has been most successful, and all details connected with the culture of the fruit and the shipment of the crop have received special attention, and the fruit growers are more than satisfied with the results that have been accomplished. The crates, which have been made better, and the ventilation of the cars has been greatly improved upon. No detail has been overlooked, and without a break the crop has been handled in a most satisfactory manner.

Rapid Transit.

The railroads have solved the perplexing question as to transportation facilities that have been so long demanded by the growers. When the peach was in its infancy, it was a difficult matter to have the crop handled with the necessary dispatch. Many were the cars of fruit that were allowed to spoil on account of delays occasioned by the system that was at that time practiced by the roads. This season has revealed a wonderful change in this department, and now it is not unusual thing to dispatch a peach train from the orchards at Atlanta to Chicago in thirty-six hours and about forty to New York. The cars are loaded promptly and are re-loaded there is little risk attached to the safe delivery of the fruit.

How the Crop is Gathered.

The peach crop is gathered as the cotton crop. Early every morning a large force of pickers go into the orchards just after the dew is dried from the grass and weeds and with them they take large baskets into which the peaches are dropped as fast as they are taken from the trees. The peaches that are to be shipped are pulled as soon as maturity is reached, and just before they begin to turn. If a peach is allowed to remain upon the tree until it begins to color, it is unfit for shipping purposes, and is either sold in the home market or is thrown away. When the basket is filled with the fruit, it is hauled from the orchard to the packing house, which is usually located in close proximity to the place. At the packing house the peaches are sorted, and the best ones put in one pile, and the faulty ones in another. In this manner the peaches are classified and arranged for the crates.

The crate baskets are then filled with the fruit, and then the baskets, usually of tin number, are placed in the crates, which are nailed and marked and are carried to the car. In the car the crates are so arranged as to give perfect ventilation, and the air is allowed to circulate freely between and underneath the crates. In this manner all hot air and dampness that

might be caused from the sweating of the fruit is overcome. As the cars are loaded before the peaches are loaded, there is but little to fear from heat, and then as the car is promptly moved just as soon as it can be loaded, there is but little to fear from heat.

The work of loading the car is generally accomplished in one day, as the shipper has a load ready before the peaches are put in the car. Then just as soon as the last crate is placed in the car and the door locked an engine is in waiting to pull the car away, and as fast as the wheels can turn the peaches are hurried on to the terminal of the road, where a fruit train is generally being made up that will take the car without delay to its destination.

How the Shipments are Made.

When a shipper has a load of peaches ready, he notifies the railroads that he is ready to load in the morning. The road then notifies the refrigerator line and an empty ice car is at once delivered to the road. For illustration, a shipper has a load of peaches at Pomona, a little fruit town on the Central railroad, forty miles south of Atlanta. He asks for the car this afternoon, and the refrigerator car company at once is notified. The car is loaded tonight, and a little after midnight, or just before dawn, it is in motion, and the car is carried to Pomona. The shipper is expecting the arrival of the car, and by the time that the car is placed on the side track at the station, he will have a load of peaches ready to be placed in the car. This work of loading is then continued all during the day, and by night the car is ready to leave. It is taken off on the first train for Atlanta, and when it reaches this city, the car is again reloaded. The re-loading takes only a few minutes as the road is ready with the ice and the men to go to work just as soon as the car makes its appearance in the city. Without delay it is delivered to a northern connection, and the trip to market is again resumed. If necessary, the car is reloaded at Chattanooga, or probably at Nashville. Then it is reloaded until Terre Haute, Cairo or Evansville is reached. After this second re-loading is giving, it makes the trip into Chicago without further attention.

The competing lines from Atlanta to Chicago have been vying with each other this season in making the best time, and some marvelous runs have been made. The best record was made on the first car that left Atlanta in the month of June, and reached the Windy City just thirty-three hours later. This car was reloaded only once after leaving Atlanta, and was found to be in perfect condition when its destination was reached. The cars loaded with peaches are rushed with all possible haste and a fruit train has right of way against all freight trains. It is traced by wire, and every movement of the car is registered at both ends of the line. The shipper is able to tell just where the car is at any hour of the day, and the Chicago purchaser also knows the moment that the car will arrive in Chicago. Nothing is allowed to delay the car, and should the train to which it is attached be pulled the balance of the way by a special engine, or it would be attached to a regular passenger train going in that direction.

The Cars are Well Loaded.

The refrigerator cars are of the best pattern known in the railroad world, and are not the property of the shippers, but owned by the refrigerator companies. They are strongly built and well adapted for the service. They generally have a capacity of five tons of ice, which is loaded into the car from the top. There are two kinds of cars, one in which the ice is contained in the top, and the other has end ice boxes. The main objection that has been made to the top ice is that the fruit would be ruined if the boxes overhead were to become leaky. Provided there is no chance of leakage, the top ice cars are considered good, but it is said to be risky to use them on long hauls, as the hot air from the peaches naturally rises to the top and the fruit is in contact with the cold bottom of the ice boxes, a moisture is formed which is almost sure to cause the water to drip down into the fruit.

When an end ice box springs a leak, the water will only wet the fruit in the nearest end of the car in which the leaking box is located. These are cars, however, that contain both overhead and end boxes, and if no leak should occur, the fruit would be good for weeks and weeks without being damaged.

The Home of the Peach.

Georgia is fast making a reputation as a great peach raising state, and the number of cars that are annually shipped are increasing. Each year, this year the crop will reach 1,000 cars, and next year, provided the season is good, many more cars will be required to move the crop.

There are more than twenty-five points from which the cars are billed, and the little towns of south Georgia rank highly in the number of cars that are shipped. At the head of this list stands Marietta, Ga. Next in order comes Fort Valley, and then follows Griffin, Pomona and Moreland. The largest shipper is the Hale Fruit Company, and this one concern owns more than one thousand acres of Elbertas. The trees are all in good bearing condition, and the amount of peaches that is shipped every year is simply amazing. The company is planting more trees every year, and in the course of time, as any one state of the union, it is now the largest peach farm in the entire world, and the acreage is being annually increased.

The Cost of Production.

There is not a crop that is known to the south that is as remunerative as is the peach crop, and there is more money to be made from the raising of peaches than can be got from any other product of the soil.

The trees are very inexpensive and can be set out at almost a trifling cost. If the season is propitious and the trees are in good order, one acre will produce a car, and the car will net about \$700. The gathering of the crop is insignificant when compared to the harvesting of the cotton or corn crop. Labor is very cheap during the fruit season and negroes will work for a nominal figure. The peaches can be pulled very rapidly and one hand can gather a car of peaches where the same hand could pick only a few pounds of cotton, or a few crates and baskets.

The freight on a car of peaches from Atlanta to Chicago is \$20.00. The refrigerator car cost amounts to \$30, making the transportation of the car, including the ice and other necessities, cost \$50.00. The freight from Griffin and Pomona is \$16 higher, but the cost of the refrigerator car remains the same. The rates to the eastern markets are about the same as they are to Chicago, and more than 75 per cent of the shipments are directed to New York and Baltimore.

ROYAL DANIEL.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AT WHOLESALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

TUCSON JENNIE'S HEART.

"Wherever ain't I married man?" says you. So spoke the old cattleman as he settled in his chair. The question had just been asked him.

"Well," he continued, reflectively puffing his pipe. "I was disappointed that away when I'm a colt. But that's long time ago an' I ain't in line for no such gymnastics no more. My years is 'way agin; it's like young females. You've got to catch folks young to marry 'em. After they gets to be thirty years they goes slowly at the altar. If you makes out to marry a man after he's thirty you has to blindfold him an' back him in. Females, of course, ain't so obtuse."

"No; I fess this yere vein married is a heap habit, same as tobacco an' jug juice. A man takes a hand early; it's all right—'way good game. I makes no sort of doubt, but let him get to pesterin' 'round in the forties an' him not begun none yet; he don't marry nuthin'. Of course there is people that sordid they takes to layin' for some women's stack, wharby they even don't dress low games like this. Final I gets to be a one-plumable difference with the girl's old man, I s'pose I'd be married right now. I was maybe twenty times times. It was 'way back in Tennessee. This yere I recall nuthin' about the old folks. I never feels happy a minute where they be. The old lady allers does her best to make me easy an' free, too. Comes out when I rides up an' to down the hat for my horse an' asks me to rest my hat the second I'm in the door."

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Alcohol and Longevity.

From The Boston Transcript.

We have not the figures at hand, but it was shown by life insurance statistics published in Great Britain a few years ago that total abstainers from intoxicating drinks were shorter-lived than the moderate drinkers among policy holders; and now comes the International Medical Association with statistics in the same direction, but more startling. The association has made careful inquiry into 5,234 cases of deaths of persons over thirty-five years of age, and the results, which were divided into five groups—total abstainers, moderate drinkers, drinkers who were careful not to drink too much, heavy drinkers and excessive drinkers. The investigation showed that the age reached in these five classes was always the shortest with the total abstainers; that they were shorter-lived even than the excessive drinkers. With regard to wine drinkers the results were: Moderate drinkers, 64 years; heavier, but careful drinkers, 58 years; immoderate drinkers 50 years; excessive drinkers 52 years; abstainers 50 years.

It has been said that statistics can be made to prove anything you want to prove; but in this instance, as well as in the insurance figures, they seem to prove what those collecting the statistics had no intention or desire to prove. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the use of intoxicants, even moderately, is conducive to longevity. The statistics only show that with a good constitution at the outset, one may attain to more advanced age than is reached by a person of feeble physique, though the latter be a total abstainer; for we think it will be found that a large proportion of the abstainers are abstainers because they saw early in life that they were not physically strong enough to wrestle with King Alcohol, and another large class of non-drinkers are the sons of drinking parents, whose sins, as well as their deterring example, have descended to their children, and so shortened the latter's lives.

The statistics quoted are misleading, inasmuch as they do not show what the state of the health of each class was in early life, and especially because they do not tell anything as to the habits of the parents of individuals in the several classes. A man may drink to excess, may be intoxicated regularly every day, and yet live to be an old man, but it will generally be found that his offspring are feeble, if not sickly, and of short life, notwithstanding they never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor from first to last.

Statistics are potent helps toward the solution of great social problems, but when they seem to prove what is against common experience and against common sense it is best not to trust in them too confidently.

MR. C. S. BROWN

On the Excellence of the Copeland Treatment in Bronchial Troubles.

For some time past Mr. C. S. Brown, of Woodward, Ga., has been under the treatment of the Copeland specialists for a severe case of bronchial trouble that very much resembled the first stages of consumption and which had its origin in a

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SOME UNIQUE PHASES
OF THE MODERN WOMAN.

Under the head of "The New Woman—Her Winning Ways and Fascinating Ways," a Philadelphia newspaper writer says: "Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has a toy poodle, and the dog is one of the sights of Newport. It is the smallest beastie of its sort ever seen. It has cream-colored hair, with just a suspicion of a wave to it, and its tail has a double curl, with a fuzzy pompon on the end. Its eyes are pink, and when it goes out driving with its mistress it wears a violet ribbon about its neck, tied in a bow between its ears. It carries itself haughtily and affects absolute indifference to everything earthly, as a dog of the aristocracy should."

Now, in the name of all that is feminine, what has Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her poodle got to do with the new woman?

Many things have been laid at the door of the "new" woman—divided skirts, strong-minded opinions, mannish ways, and heaven knows what all, but never before have I heard her name associated with a toy poodle with pink eyes and lilac ribbon.

The most feminine of all females has from time immemorial had a pet dog of some description, and, if she happened to have a baby also, it was a time-honored joke that the dog always had the preference; but she was heretofore the woman who has been anathematized along with her fashionable sister, who was accredited with spending more than her husband's income and dacing frivolously half the night while her babies lay comfortably sleeping.

But now to bring up the pet dog woman and haul her into the "advanced woman" business, where she doesn't fit in the least want to be, and where she isn't in the least desired, seems just a little too unreasonable on the part of newspapers. It is on a par, however, with a great many other definitions of the "new woman."

How absurd they are one can learn by scanning the daily papers that are now replete with arguments for and against her.

The funny part of it is that no two persons have the same idea in regard to the "new" woman. It is just like the latest aesthetic musical fad of showing the meaning of different musical notes by colors. No musician will interpret these tones by the same shades.

That's just the way it is with the new woman. To the writer on feminine topics she is anything that will make a few readable paragraphs. To the big game she is an unfeminine modernity. To the narrow-minded man of business she is the reticulate woman of fads and opinions. To the girl of fashion she is an impossible conundrum who awes and horrifies. To the luxurious feminine voluptuary she is a tiresome person who wants to make one think. To the conservative housewife she is a person who ought to marry, have babies and make preserves. To the cranky old bachelor she is a creature who neglects her children for bicycling and women's clubs.

Oh, she is a very conglomerate creature—this "new woman"—and if we made a nucleus of her personality from the public point of view we'd have a composite photograph more wonderful than ever produced. Why, the new woman would be a dozen women in one. She would be frivolous and serious; licentious and virtuous; she would have as many lives as those of the proverbial cat; she would spend her mornings in a mannish suit preaching woman suffrage; her middays in riding a bicycle in bloomers; her early afternoons in card playing; her late afternoons in riding with a ribboned poodle dog, and her evenings in riotous living.

There is a funny thing about any onslaught made upon any phase of womanhood. Do you know what it is? Why, the babies. When a preacher begins to abuse women of fashion, he always starts with the babies. He wants to know what they are doing while their mothers trip the light fantastic. Is there no one to rise and tell him that women of wealth and fashion are generally able to afford nurses to look after the babies while they are asleep?

Then, too, why should that time-honored and stupid picture of the husband's having to put the children to bed be revived with the bicycle question? A woman able to buy a \$150 wheel can certainly afford a nurse. I am very, very weary of that old senseless howl about husband and children. It has for years been a theme for every man who wanted to preach about any sort of feminine sin or shortcoming. With eyes that see not they have gone on laying a woman's want of motherliness and domesticity at the door of fashion, folly or some ulterior occupation. I tell you that isn't the place for it. It lies in the woman herself. A woman and mother can be fond of gaiety and still be a good wife and mother. I have seen careless and selfish mothers who staid at home all the time with their children. I have seen cruel, brutal mothers, indeed, who seemed to stay at home constantly for the express purpose of beating their children and berating their servants.

A woman may, on the other hand, have plenty of rational exercise and rational pleasure and make her home life all the better and more beautiful thereby.

Why can't people be rational and look at human life as it really is, instead of perverting its actuality by foolish prejudice?



RED AND BROWN CHEVIOT.

Whenever I hear the American wife and mother assailed as an undomestic and unwomanly creature it makes me rather indignant. Taken as a class, there are to be better mothers than the American ones—none better, at least, to their offspring in infancy and childhood. In older years, perhaps, the girls of America are allowed too much freedom, and do not make the con-

dantes of their mothers that girls do in foreign countries, but the American mother takes more personal care of her children than her foreign sister.

The English woman, for instance, has a wet nurse for her babies. When they can walk and talk they are turned over to another nurse—after that to a governess. The nursery is generally on the top floor, away from the mother's apartments, and that lady visits it in the morning and in the evening the children are dressed and allowed to have dessert at the family table.

The French woman of fashion gives her baby over to its nurse pretty much until she is old enough to be sent to a convent. The German mother is a good deal with her children, but not as much as the American mother. The latter has her little folks about her constantly. They are her friends and companions. She plans their clothes, makes a great many of them, reads to them, hears their lessons, does the things, in fact, that the governess does for children in an English family.

Of course, as I said, there are exceptions to the rule of good mothers in every class, but they are such exceptions that they are singled out and talked about as monstrous by their sister women. They always will be exceptions—thank heaven—despite bicycles, fashion or a desire to vote on the part of women. Nature will not allow a little taste for fresh air, fashion or politics to wipe out her first and her noblest instinct in a woman's heart.

Why, one might as well say that a woman was wicked and unmotherly because she sat on her piazza or rode or walked in the evening, while somebody else put the babies to bed.

Let us laugh at all this foolish talk as it deserves to be laughed at.

It is not worth the consideration of thinking people. MAUDE ANDREWS.

ART PICTURES OF
THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

The work already accomplished by the fine arts committee, as well as Mr. Horace Bradley's lecture in color, indicates the greatest treat to those who love the beauties of the art world. The success of this particular department will reflect not only on the artists exhibiting their creations, but on the culture and intelligence of the women capable of securing a representative collection of that subject, which is most ennobling and elevating to the human intellect—the fine arts.

Embracing, as it does, all that is worthy under the heads of architecture, sculpture and painting, it is the materialization of the true and beautiful. The nearer it reaches perfection in its imitation of highest nature, the nearer it approaches the ideal or divine nature. The history of the fine arts from its earliest days has been impressed by the antagonistic forces of the times, the materialist and the idealist. But the Madonna, with their spiritual countenances, reflecting the longing of their creators for the ideal, appeals more directly to the intellect of man, and is more elevating in its tendencies than the greatest eloquence, the most sublime music.

The "Last Judgment" of Angelo, Titian's masterpieces of Raphael, indicate the reverence and established in art as the fundamental principles of Christianity. But the glow of the beautiful Italian skies should not overshadow the efforts of more modern disciples, who illumine and bring out for our praise and admiration those nearer to us, like the English master, Turner. The greatest living art critic accords to him a degree of perfection in landscape painting that has never been excelled, and sweetly says of him: "Every day he lies in his grave will bring some new acknowledgment of his power, and through those eyes now filled with dust, generations yet unborn will learn to behold the light of nature."

Of late there has been a growing appreciation of the American artists in their own country, their magnificent exhibit at the Columbian fair awakening a patriotic spirit that certainly could not have before been felt. It is not long since such clever young artists as John Boorman Johnson and J. N. Alexander, entirely overlooked by the "Society of American Artists," were heartily received in the salon of the Champs Elysees, and Mr. Thomas M. Dewing left home scarcely praised to rank among the first of London's artists. Chicago, to emphasize further the standard of American artists, was lavish in the purchase of American specimens at the Columbian fair, and at the recent exhibition in the National Academy of Design, American talent was universally upheld.

That the same spirit will be encouraged in the fine arts department of this exposition may be seen in the work already done in the collection of American art. Already the leading exhibitors of the world's fair have secured space, while loans from the salons of connoisseurs are public and private alike will be presented, and every second to none in quality of artistic value. The talents and subjects of women will be judged alike with the works of men, and masterpieces of Rosa Bonheur and Ellen West Gardner are in the collection at present obtained. From the state of New York the choicest specimens from public and private salons will be presented, and every effort will be made to secure the entire collection of the "Belles and Beauties of Gotham," which, with the portraits of many other celebrated American women, was a recent exhibition in itself in New York. From Washington city a number of paintings and curios of great artistic value have been secured, among them several noted paintings from the Corcoran art gallery, and the works of the popular artist, Mrs. Cora Frazer. From Baltimore, among the many beautiful specimens, will be twenty-five exquisite miniatures from the famous collections of the late William Walters, who was one of the most appreciative collectors of the day.

Miss Mary Madeleine Solari, whose ability, displayed in her exhibit at the world's fair, won her the reputation of ranking among the foremost artists of America, has tendered the same collection to this exposition. She completed her studies in Florence and her work was especially solicited by Mrs. Potter Palmer and placed in the aisle of prominence. She received fifteen different awards and was the only woman juror in the fine arts department. Miss Leiper, of Chester, Pa., another artist whose talent won medals and universal praise, will send her own specimens, as well as lending her influence in securing loans throughout the private art collections of Philadelphia. Mrs. Olivia E. Phelps is collecting a most valuable and interesting display of Italian curios. Along with the encouragement accorded American talent, there is a taste just at present for the study of English and German masters, and a valuable acquisition in this line will be the portraits of a Munich artist, whose work has met with the highest favor with art critics.

Mr. Horace Bradley, in a private letter from Paris, says: "During my extensive tour in the interest of the art department

I have been most successful in obtaining important exhibits. These will be representative work from France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, while the exhibit from England will be second to none that has yet been sent by that country to America. The renaissance building on the hill will be full of the most varied and interesting art exhibits ever shown in the United States. It may not be so large as that of the world's fair, but everything will be selected with more care."

A unique exhibit will be that of the art of Japanese women secured through the interest of Mr. John Cockerill, of the New York Herald, but to go into details would be impossible, and there is no doubt that those appreciative of art have happiness before them in the coming art exhibition. Mrs. William Dickson, the chairman of the fine arts committee, is at present in Europe, but will return in September, and complete the work which she has so successfully begun.

Original Illustrations.
One of the most interesting exhibits in the art department will be the collection of original illustrations, a branch of art which is today the most universally popular, especially in America. It is a field of art in itself, and by its portrayal of people and things just as they are, it appeals more directly to mankind in every day life than any branch of art. Although it may be retarded in its present popularity the progress in appreciating ideal art, it is so powerful in its assistance to the writer and historian as to deserve its distinction in the art world. The best artistic talent develops itself in original illustrations, and in America it has reached an unrivaled degree of variety and finish. The various periodicals and magazines of



BROWN CLOTH SUIT AND BLUE AND GRAY CHEVIOT CAPS.

the country, appreciating the force given to any branch of literature by accompanying illustrations, are doing a great deal to encourage the capable draftsman of the country.

Novelists of today, not content with attracting their readers with a smooth and flowing style of expression, emphasize and impress their ideas and characters in the minds of the people by resorting continually to illustration. From the other prominent writing he himself attributes largely to his power of illustration, and though in a recent lecture before an English art school he begs pardon for defective illustration in his works on account of declining eyes, there is no doubt that the success of "Trilby" and the impression made by it is largely due to the many forcible illustrations that appear on every page and the fact that they are in every line the breath of the political events of the country, in fact the history of a whole administration, may be expressed by one illustration in Puck or Judge. "Life" in one page of illustration can tell a love story that would require many pages in print. These artists, who afford so much pleasure and interest must needs be in sympathy with all human nature, keeping impressions with the power of impressing others.

Among the American illustrators of note few rank higher than Edwin Austin Abbey, who was born in Philadelphia, where he first developed his talent, later acquired reputation in New York, but is at present residing in England. Philip Rodney Paulding, in a sketch of Mr. Abbey, says: "His drawings have not merely the finish born of a master hand and the historic fidelity that only conscientious study can impart, but there is in every line the breath of Hawthorne, the dust of the high road and the ripple of the country maiden's laugh." Illustrations from other sources are artists will be exhibited with Mr. Abbey's, and there is no doubt that there will be specimens from William Thomas Stone, Charles Stanley Reinhardt, Arthur B. Frost, Frederick Dickman, Charles Dana Gibson, and others of equal note.

Women illustrators, though as yet not numerous, are progressing according to the spirit of the age, and in Harper's, Ladies' Home Journal, The Century, and in fact in all the leading periodicals, there is the most exquisite work accomplished in the illustrations by women. Among the most prominent may be mentioned Rosina Emmet Sherwood, Alice Barber Stevens, Mary Hallack Foote, Dora Wheeler, Corine Lovell and Maud Humphreys and others.

Mrs. Charles Collier has charge of the original illustrations of the women's department and her keen appreciation of all that is beautiful in art assures a most representative display. She is assisted by her daughter, Miss Julia Collier, whose studies in art have associated her with the most capable artists of the north. Among those whom she has especially interested in her committee is Mr. Sandham

of Boston, whose illustrations are most finished and artistic, while Mr. Horace Bradley will lend this department his special interest. Miss Collier, who is gifted in sketching, gives in a letter on the subject a very interesting account of the process of illustrating after the design reaches the publisher.

The drawing, he pen and ink, pencil or charcoal, water color, medium in black and white, or oils (the great illustrator, Castaigne, always using oil), is submitted to the publisher in almost any size, but nearly always twice the size it will be when reproduced and sometimes as much as ten times the size. There are three processes of reproduction: engraving, half tone and process. The wood engraving, in which are obtained by far the most beautiful and delicate gradations of tone, is being almost entirely displaced by the half tone and process method. The term process, which is rather misleading in its designation, is that means used in reproducing pen and ink, charcoal and pencil drawings, or any drawing that is composed of lines. A photograph is made of the drawing on a zinc plate and is printed off from this plate. It is impossible to reproduce a wash drawing until it is cut up into lines. In order to accomplish this, the half tone method is used. A photograph of the drawing is made by the aid of a screen of finest woven silk; sometimes cowbros are used. This screen is interposed between the drawing and the plate, and the light is thus cut into minute squares or diamonds. It can then be reproduced in the same manner as a drawing in lines. The beauty of a reproduction depends largely on the skill of the overlayer. When the half tone method is used the high lights are lost and the darkest blacks are toned down by means of the screen intervening. Thus the picture is blurred and it is the work of the overlayer to remedy this fault. By means of different thicknesses of paper cut in the proper shapes and pasted on the roller back of the drawing, greater pressure is obtained at these points, and the darks are made deeper. The lights which were before dull are thus made light

and everything is possible—even the expression of crinoline—nothing can be truthfully of a season's fashion until it is over.

Rich Fall Tints.
However, some very charming suggestions for autumn are cropping up in English men-milliners, will have attracted a growing fondness for color. Plain silks in brilliant hues, red and black, and orange and brown form bodies of vests of somber, and rarer and which, with other brilliant chapeaux, now being much turned up at the back, literally burn with color. Flowers of many hues will be massed in banks in front.

New Pulse of the Hat.
The hat is put on straight and then sharply forward until the flower stalks like the thatch of one of those wonderful roof-planted cottages sometimes seen on English farms.

The effect is very pretty. As a rule, in Art lastly becoming, for under the new-looking edge dove eyes grow more like and flashing ones shine out with brilliancy and coquetry. Sometimes the color will be made by secret wings of whole redbirds, which, with wings spread, will be posted on the hat like a slim-tailed swallow in flight.

The "Mendicant."
Again certain low-crowned narrow-brimmed sailors, especially those shown in English men-milliners, will have trimmings of fruit that are startlingly natural. One sailor in this shape recently seen, owned together with mixed nuts, a bunch of raisins, a brilliant live apple, a tiny mandarin and a great opatistid Reine Claude plum. The sole other trimming to the hat, which was of rough red and brown straw, was a wide bias of coarse white bunting that swathed the crown loosely. The fruiting hoops of the left taken collectively, these fruit hat trimmings are dubbed by milliners "mendicants"—beggars. And though an American woman is said to have hat the distinction of having the first wearing of this sort at the last Grand Prix, they get the name from little dishes of mixed nuts and raisins that are served in cheap French restaurants under this name.

Cape and Gown.
And now to change the subject from hats to gowns. Among the mid-season things mentioned, four costumes and a cape for chilly days, all of which are here pictured, were noticeable for their extreme good looks and usefulness.

The most stunning gown of the lot has a brown mixed cheviot woven with black and an occasional "pola" of scarlet; it is shown in the cut, which represents the bodice with long shoulder seams and narrow straps, which are of plain scarlet hunter's cloth over cream batiste. The straps end in little peltum tails below the belt and at the back and bust they are loosened to allow a bias scarf of black satin to be drawn up all round the shoulders, forming a complete yoke effect and holding the sleeves down at the top in approved 1830 fashion. The sleeves alone of the bodice match the skirt in texture, and the hat is black rough straw with scarlet birds. This toilet, may be interesting to know, was worn a chilly afternoon last week at Newport by one of New York's smartest women.

Of a Light Warm Wool.
At Long Branch two mornings later a pretty russet-haired girl was made adorable and comfortable in a gown of blue and black honeycomb wool fashioned exactly like the frocks one sees on little girls. The side gores of the skirt, which was only moderately wide and slightly stiffened at the bottom, lapped so far over the front one that this became scarcely more than a narrow gape; several rows of stucco over them gave almost the effect of braids, but the major part of the little girl's came in with the jacket, which, with the fronts in one piece and buttoning back, revers, was exactly like a child's coat. The buttons were very large, black, and black silk covered the revers to within

an inch of the side. The blouse worn silk pongee, inkly in say, but deadily fed on girls' milk and gathered in the loose sash belt of loose sash belt.

To Wear.
Another natty at whose wear that taken a hint from dark blue English collar and big turban with narrow of red, black and blue. But alas! the girl would not stand stretched.

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1700 pairs 10-4
350 pairs 10-4
430 pairs 10-4
600 pairs \$6.50
225 pairs \$8.50
150 pairs \$10.50

Counter.
500 full 11-4 C
440 full 11-4 C
850 full 12-4 C
450 full 12-4 C

Table D.
350 full width
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800 full width
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Towels.
600 full size
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WRAPS AND GOWNS
FOR COOL DAYS.

New York, August 3.—Autumn and winter modes are as yet blessings of the future, but some very stunning mid-season things are to be seen for mountain and seashore wear.

Autumn Skirts and Sleeves.
These, as far as textures and general shapings are concerned, show no appreciable divergence from the styles of the spring; but skirts are much less stiffened, it is remarked, and though fitting more closely about the hips—in some cases, indeed, as snugly as a yoke—they are as plain as ever.

The 1830 sleeve, which is an accompaniment of a very long shoulder seam and a drooping puff that hangs low on the arm, is more and more used for evening gown. With street costumes, too, there seems a growing tendency toward the lengthening of the sleeves of the winter, and the only change is that they fit more closely about the forearm and are rarely, if ever, stiffened.

Crinolines, it is hinted, is to go, but what can tell?

"Call no man happy until he is dead," the saying runs. And so, though anything



BROWN WHIP CORD.

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FLORANCE WYNN ILLIS.

OUR COAST RESORTS

Georgia's Newports Were All Well
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THE EVOLUTION IN BATHING SUITS

They Grow Handsomer Every Year—No
St. Anthony on the Beach Ordering the
Mermaids To Keep off a Grass.

While unsought notoriety has been thrust upon the bloomers this summer by church and press, its twin sister, the bathing suit, has gone on its way modestly and unobtrusively—like a fugitive bank cashier trying to get to Canada with \$100,000.

Considering how little there is of it, the surf costume has never before been so much in evidence as during this season. Georgia's three resorts, Tybee, St. Simon's and Cumberland, have had greater patronage this year than they ever had before. Tybee leads in crowds and profit—partly by reason of its proximity to Savannah, but largely because the visitor gets more for his money there than elsewhere.

To one who is looking for rest and recreation the essentials on the coast are surf bathing, boating, fishing and eating. It is the same ocean all along our coast and there is as much of it as one place as another. To one who loves to lay his hand upon the ocean's mane, to revel in its bosom as a child upon its mother's, to be lifted up and then to sink down into the softest of cushions, the trough between the waves, length and breadth of beaches do not appeal.

I am swimming does not care whether a beach is three miles or twenty miles long. So he gets a good surf and plenty to eat he is content.

Each one of Georgia's Newports has a sandy sheltering beach where the prudent father is in no danger. Out of the thousands who have been in the surf this summer at the Georgia resorts not a single drowning has occurred.

Never before have the bathers dressed so picturesquely as they have done this summer. While the bizarre effects seen at Concy Island are unknown at Tybee, some very striking costumes have been worn there. Venus would not hesitate to don some of the accoutrements of the bathers, trimmed in white and red seen there this summer, they were so pretty. Dr. Hawthorne, who has an eye for the picturesque, would call them very pretty. Governor Northen declared to me once, after a visit to East Lake, that the costumes worn there were indecent. Never having been to that suburban resort, I cannot say how the bathing suits found there compare with the suits on the coast. But the seashore costumes are becoming handsomer each year. This is another instance of evolution. A wise philosopher tells us that clothes were first worn for ornament, rather than for comfort.

A personal friend who has devoted years to the study of the history of the bathing suit and the bicycle, says that the pulpit may thunder but the bloomer and the coast tunic have come to stay, as many families will say of their relations and friends during the exposition.

There is room for improvement in the bathing suit of commerce, which is hideous. The ladies are treated a little better than the men by the fashioners of the garments, but notwithstanding this the former boycott the ready-made article furnished at the bathhouses. Blue was the prevailing color this year, as it always has been. Next year red will be popular because of the fame of a red suit at one of the resorts this summer has spread all up and down the coast and back over the state to its remotest corners. That there were swimmers on the beach this summer which might cause a St. Anthony to grab his tongue to keep the nymphs at a proper distance, I will not gainsay. It may have been so, but during a stay of several days at Tybee and St. Simon's last month I did not see any one, old or young, saint or sinner, looking for tongs on either island.

It was told of some lady that her suit shrunk in the water, and it was said that she cut a figure when she escaped to the bathhouse, but it was a very pretty figure, report added.

Bathing by moonlight has never been more popular than it has been this summer. At Tybee the sea is alive with phosphorus, which, rippling over the dark background of a suit or on snowy arms, glimmers like thousands of diamonds. Fortunately the nettle or stinger was seldom encountered. A resident of Frederica told me that he had never seen so many strangers there as this summer has brought. Great pieces of tabby from Oglethorpe's old fort and an occasional piece of old sword or gun were carried away from the island.

Cumberland had the conventions and St. Simon's the soldiers. No effort was made at Tybee to get these unusual crowds, which inconvenience the regular patrons, compel them to sleep on cots and go hungry. The best hotel managers say they do not want to be overcrowded. Patrons certainly agree. When they read trout on the breakfast menu, black fish on the dinner card and sitting at supper, and then on calling that all the fish are mussels, they are eating down some terrible fate upon the "barbie-hearted manager."

WHAT THEY SAY OF BLOOMERS.

I am told that the little town of Manchester is torn from center to circumference over the bloomer question. In fact, there is a double pressure of excitement to the square inch out of that pretty little suburb, Manchester, as all Atlantians and a great many other people know, is the home of Rev. Dr. Hawthorne, the now almost famous anti-cycling disciple. In Manchester there are quite a number of goodly people who do not agree with the views possessed by Dr. Hawthorne, and several, it is said, have been writing cards favoring bloomers. I know it to be so that one of the best known ladies of Manchester has openly espoused bicycling for years. Dr. Hawthorne is in real estate circles that Dr. Hawthorne began the anti-cycling crusade with the purpose in view of advertising Manchester. This, however, I cannot believe.

The wall of the new woman is thus described by the boyle poet of The Philadelphia Sporting Life:

"Men have borrowed our harpings to clean out their pipes
Whenever it suited their humors;
They've borrowed our needles, our threads
And our pins;
And they'll probably borrow our bloomers."

Miss Wilkins, it seems, still holds the twenty-six mile record for Atlanta. I have as yet not been able to secure the time of the twenty-six miles, though they were gone over some time between daylight and dusk. Two records, I hear, were made last week, but nothing official is obtainable. An attempt was also made to beat the twenty-six mile record, but the fair rider gave up the trial after a spin of ten miles. By the way, there are three very pretty costumes in preparation, and they will probably be worn sometime this week.

Here is a conversation I overheard a few days ago:

Miss Scooter—Young Goldite reminds me of a street sweeper.
Miss Scooter—How is that?
Miss Scooter—He's out for the dust!

Dr. Hawthorne has some heavyweights with him in his fight against cycling women. The name of his co-fighter is George Hayes, a Chicagoan. He is very much opposed to bicycling, and is a student of human nature as exemplified by woman. He wanted to marry, but wanted a wife who would promise to ride a bicycle. Hayes went further than this. He decided to marry a woman who could not ride a wheel if she wanted to. The result was that he led to the altar last week Miss Little Kelly, aged thirty-eight, who weighs 286 pounds. I am inclined to believe that I would have preferred a bicycle in the family.

In The Brooklyn Eagle a "special" dated 1890 reads as follows:

"Maria!" said the husband of the new woman at the breakfast table, "the next time you come home late from the lodge and put your bloomers to bed and hang yourself over the back of a chair, I'll take the baby and go straight home to papa."

The first woman in Brooklyn to don bloomers was Miss Eva Bindrim. This was in 1888. Her action forced her resignation upon her, and the club she belonged to disbanded. She has ridden more than a half dozen century runs, and always finishing close to the front. One of her records was seven hours and eight minutes on an ordinary road bicycle. She is now preparing to learn, as a special wheel has been built for her. Miss Bindrim wears the costume that suits herself, though she herself has suggested that she should ask her pastor what pattern he preferred.

Women should be careful to sit straight while riding. The following evidently refers to masculine riders:

"Well," said the camel in the circus parade, "there's some comfort for me after a ride on a bicycle, but I don't ride a bicycle."—Washington Star.

I believe that Dr. Hawthorne is wrong when he classes women who ride wheels with the women who pose as new women. The wheelwomen are not of that ilk; at least, the greater number of them are not. I am no swimmer, but I am a believer in the not a swimmer woman—the woman who affects the masculine stride, masculine attire, cigarettes and the airs and language of a sport. I agree with Maude Andrews when she says that the woman who sees a girl like riding a bicycle than loitering on a sofa, reading a French novel and eating candy. The average woman of the south does not have the vigorous, muscle-making exercise and the bicycle is a fine tonic for many feminine ills.

Miss Coleman, of Mason, O., has been criticised because she wore red bloomers to church. She is the organist and probably thought she would have to use the pedals during meeting. She held a long church attendance has doubled in anticipation of her reappearance. This is a pointer for local ministers.

The most ferocious female criminal on record so far this year is a young woman named Anna Bell, in Fairfield, S. C. She killed a three months old baby and then killed a six-year-old boy over a well and buried him with a red-hot poker because he refused to say he killed the child. She killed another baby three years ago, but was released because of her age. She was also upon one occasion discovered trying to disinter a corpse in order to get a breastpin. The young woman does not ride a bicycle and does not know how bloomers would look.

"What's all that noise?" asked the visitor of the office boy, as he stepped out of the elevator upon the editorial floor. "Is the building collapsing?"

"Aw, don't mind 'em," reassuringly replied the young man, "that's the delightful editor of the bicycle editor having one or dere arguments."

Miss Mary Smiley, of Fergusonville, N. Y., is a somnambulist. Be it said, to her credit, Miss Smiley also rides a bicycle. With the wheel she received her father's consent to don bloomers. She took a long ride one afternoon and that night the father was aroused by a sound. He reached the door in time to see his daughter, arrayed in cycling suit, mount her wheel. He saw at once that she was in a somnambulist state. He waited until she returned and woke her up by throwing water in her face. The New York Herald has coined a new word by applying the term "somnambulist" to the young woman.

Here is an extract from a very spicy letter which a well known young woman addressed to the bloomer column. She signed her name in full and sent no request to have it kept out, but I hardly believe that she would like to see her name in cold print signed to what she said on "the spur of the moment," and under immediate provocation. The extract reads:

"In conclusion, I want to ask you why Dr. Hawthorne doesn't start another crusade against men who are usurping the right of women by wearing long hair. I think that Dr. Hawthorne has it in his mind to start a crusade against men by cutting his own flowing locks."

Wicked Willie Winkle—I hope I'll go to heaven when I die.

W. W. Winkle's Mother—You are a good boy, William.

Wicked Willie Winkle—Yes, golden streets will beat asphalt all hollow for bicycling.

For a fair bicycle rider the larger portion of Wichita, Kan., might have been burned to the ground. A blaze broke out in one end of Wichita and the women of the neighborhood were so frightened that they couldn't locate the fire alarm box. Her name is Miss Inez Creditor. She rode her wheel at a rattling rate and soon had the fire department out, and that without faulting her for wearing bloomers because she thinks that they are ugly. If she wore them there would be a striking contrast between every duty and according to newspaper cuts, is a handsome young woman.

Miss Farrington, of New York city, beat the record established at Newport by Miss Fair, who is a sister of Mrs. Oelrichs. It will be remembered that Mrs. Henry Clews made the first record—ten miles in an hour. Miss Farrington did it in fifty-three minutes.

Here is the soundest argument that I have yet seen against bloomers, except their ugliness: A woman rescued a drowning child in Pennsylvania by taking off her sea gown and using it as a rope. If she had been wearing bloomers the child would have drowned.

The Old-Fashioned Bicycle.
What a pity the warnings that now freely flow
Were not thundered aloud in the ages ago,
When our grand aunts were wearing themselves quite away
With the heavy loom treadles, worked day after day!

Then, too, short creatures, unmindful of night,
Ofttimes in short skirts spun from morn until night;
And now the dread secret to you I'll reveal—
They say that this spinning was done on a wheel.

—MAMIE L. PITTS.

JUST ORGANIZED.

A Local Branch of the Atlanta Loan and Investment Company.
The success of the Atlanta Loan and Investment Company, of this city, is gratifying alike to its board of directors as well as to its stockholders.
Yesterday the board was organized with Mr. James L. Dickey, president; Daniel O. Dougherty, vice president; T. J. Peeples, treasurer. These gentlemen, with Messrs. George W. Sciple, C. C. Martin, W. S. Byck, Z. D. Harrison, W. S. Thomas, Charles A. Healey, W. S. Bell and J. P. Burns, constitute the directorship. These gentlemen are well and favorably known, and the fact that they are prominently identified with this institution insures its success.
Investment company this is one that deserves the consideration of every one who wishes to invest his money where safe and increasing dividends may be obtained.

SOCIAL GOSSIP.

Continued from Seventh Page.

beautiful arms are crossed upon her breast. It is a picture of rare beauty and one once seen, can never be forgotten.

One of the most attractive features of the room is a fireplace. It is in an alcove, lighted on each side by stained glass windows. On one is a painting of the Madonna and child. On the other the head of Christ crowned with thorns, both exceedingly beautiful. Above the mantel is another stained glass window, or opening, it would seem, in the chimney, but not exactly under it. It is a stand where the light came from. It looked as if it were a glass cabinet, as it projected from the wall and the chimney was a spinning wheel that gave it a home-like appearance.

Count, or Du (as he is called in his home) Percy N. de DuBay, Fellow Royal College, Surgeon member Royal Medical Society of England, etc., is now resident physician and surgeon of Tallulah Falls. Six years ago he built this place with his mother, to whom he devoted his life. A year ago a shadow rested upon his home and the mother died. He devoted her to a home alone, leaving him thus alone. He now only retains a part of the house, the other is in the hands of a worthy Christian woman who takes boarders. Mrs. Hunnicutt, and I cannot imagine a more delightful place to find a rest and beautiful scenery than at Glenbrook cottage, near Mrs. Hunnicutt.

I hear the merry voices of the girls gathering up their crowd for a walk to the "weary and heavy laden" come to the Willard house to the kindest hostess in the world and find a haven of rest. K.

At Sweetwater Park.

Lithia Springs, Ga., August 2.—(Special.)—Up to this point I have discussed only woman's moral merits. Suppose we give her intellectual status a glance.
"Imprints, then, who made Israel wiser rulers than did Deborah and Judith? To whom are we indebted for the first suggestion of trial by jury but that sagacious Queen Hecuba? Whose pen was the first to fight the battle of the cross, when bills of blood were deluging France, and the allies of the devil and the enemies of God had crowned a harlot goddess of reason, but that of the great daughter of the great Mrs. Necke? Around whose social throne did the Girondins, publicists and revolutionists of that period rather than of the last century, in political philosophy but that of the immortal Mme. Roland? To whom was Europe indebted for treaty of peace, at which all the nations of the earth rejoiced, which was concluded at Cambay, in 1599, by Louise, the mother of Francis I and Margaret, aunt of Charles V? Certainly all further evidence I can introduce to establish woman's intellectual merit is superfluous and supererogatory. The hour wears late, and already having consumed more than my margin of time, I shall only refer to the references I could easily make to the historical and biographical incidents and facts which would prove that woman is the evening star as its soft rays struggle through the winter of old age to warm the twilight of youth, and rapidly recedes into those dark shadows that make the long, long night that always follows life's storm."

"I will, therefore, gentlemen, bid you good night, hoping that you will find at home a welcome and that you will feel that my enthusiasm might have been shared by your wives, sisters and daughters had not been fragrance squandered on the desert air."

An Eminent Georgian's Tribute.

Appropos of the new woman discussion in which so much interest is being taken Judge Richard A. Clark calls attention to the remarks of Colonel Andrew H. Dawson, of Georgia, at the Tilden memorial dinner in 1889. Colonel Dawson was one of the best known of the ante-bellum orators of the South. Since that time he has been in New York. He is now seventy-six years old and retains all the force and vigor of a younger man.

Responding to the toast "Woman," on the occasion referred to, Colonel Dawson spoke as follows:

"On the summit of Mount Parnassus, classical lore locates a mysterious cave of charms, to the entrance of which no mortal is permitted to enter. It is a place of mystery and mystery no archaologist or antiquarian has ever attempted a solution. The entrance is a narrow crevice, and the result of visions or sounds or words is alleged to be a spiritual phenomenon, a tradition deposited not, and in this article of mingled causality, cynicism, incorrigible iconoclasm and scientific skepticism, so dissant, and so abundant, whose sense of delicacy and perceptions of propriety, when it comes to the subject of self-conceit, on dress parade to advertise their manifold misgivings as to how much of this romantic tradition is fiction, and how little is fact. Since, however, astronomers have demonstrated, by predictions of the future in reference to coming events scores of years before their advent, the value, if not the infallibility of such a discovery, why may not be permitted to insist that, if I can find just such a cave in any respect in our midst, why not accept it as such? It is accepted as presumptive proof of the existence of a similar grotto in past ages, and this evidence is so easily reconciled with the assumption of geologists, of the many millions of ages that have elapsed since the natal hour of time, and especially when considered in the light of the natural result of the ceaseless attrition and progress of change, which, in the dance of centuries cycles and eons, have made mountains and seas change part and places. Be that as it may, I am ready to roundly assert that just such a cave, in many respects, exists now, and that its name is woman's history—a history which not even the most depraved of our kind could look without being moved by the sacred name of mother, which, in all lands and all times, has been inseparably associated with an image, instinct with more magnetic power than the human heart, than was ever any cave, however true may be all tradition tell subject."

"Woman's history is the history of Christian civilization. It is the history of the practical philanthropy and catholic charity, as well as of the devoted devotion of every duty and loyalty to principle and sentiment."

"Wonder who can then, that she makes homes, her sons, her daughters, her homes, her fathers and patriots! Some time when I get lost in the dark depths of doubt in trying to realize the humanity of religion, my mind seems to wander in a direction of infidelity, but the moment I look at the good and noble mother look a good, gentle and noble mother vanishes; for it is impossible to believe, that so holy a being and so many of them, that so holy a being and so many of them, have been created, could have been created only for the idle sport of a god, or for the sake of any other ever count the sacrifices her maternal anxieties cost her."

"Could the mothers of the human race owe mothers be paid in tears, and fall as the dew drops from heaven, no part of this sacred history could be told. It is old, when they stood upon the brink of that ethereal cave of charms, located in the eternal altitudes of Mount Parnassus."

"Woman is the morning star of our history, the day star of the world. The cradle is the infant's world, and it is the light of the star of its mother's love that illumines that world, softens its atmosphere and ripens its fruit—aye, warms into germination the seeds in the prattler's soul from which the flowers of spring shed their disintegrating fragrance over the dawn of life, and drive out all malignant moral miasmas, until the light of that tender love is lost in the darkness of those passions under the despotism of which men forget their mothers and the Good."

"Albeit maternity is woman's mission, it is by no means all that she is here for; for when the high noon of married comes and a country is to be served and saved, whose impulses, intuitions and practical wisdom have been of value to him than have woman's? She is a born patriot, and what other sentiment, please inform me, is equal in its moral sublimity to patriotism? It is the brightest of all the virtues that have descended in religion's train from Jehovah's throne. It is the angel spirit from the circle of whose presence joy spreads like sunlight over the land, and the way of whose wisdom is peace, peace and philanthropy and piety stoop upon the wing—of the voice of whose golden trumpet the more than mortal army is ordered, and the inhabited pole of the miserable miser, bursting asunder the petrified elements of avarice, arise from their sepulchral confers to obey generous behests. Patriotism is the synonym of self-abnegation."

tion—of a love that even a jealous God can neither proscribe nor envy.
"We were more illustrious patriots than was Victoria, Colonna, Mme. Roland, Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc and those of our revolutionary mothers, whose names the recording angel, if he has done his duty, has enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, as entitled to receive the pensions of man's gratitude and God's love and mercy throughout the endless ages of eternity."

"When Camillus reigned in Rome, who was it but her matrons who came forward to lay upon the altar of their country their jewels, responsive to the mandate of the oracle? Then, when France, only a century ago, was groaning under the humiliating burden of debt, who was it that appeared before the minister of finance to tender their rarest gems and ornaments to him, exclaiming: 'We would blush to wear jewels in such an hour of calamity, but the mothers of those brave Gauls whose bright blades flashed in defense of our country's flag when it was in trouble in 1792? When Carthage was besieged, who was it that surrendered their raven tresses to be manufactured into bow strings wherewith to hurl messages of death through the ranks of the beleaguering foe but the radiant maidens whose beauty lived in the history of that event and age? Who was it but the peerless Princess Macaria, who offered up her glowing young life to save her country, when the oracle demanded the sacrifice of royal blood to fulfill the prophecies and appease the public fears, and no royal youngster strutting in trousers—panting in pants—could be found to do the deed? Who was it that entered the king's presence to serve and save her people, when the penalty of such intrusion was death, but Esther, Israel's angelic queen? Who was it when Coriolanus was thundering with his Volcanic legions, howling at his heels at the tottering gates of the Eternal City, delivered her from impending destruction by their king's supplication? Who was it but Volturna, his mother, and Valeria, his wife?"

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Every Woman Should Read This.

One who suffered for years with diseases peculiar to her sex, such as profluvium, irregularity, leucorrhoea, and many other symptoms, her suffering so great at times that she longed for death, will gladly tell any of her suffering sisters that she has found relief. I have nothing to sell. Address, with stamp, Mrs. F. Stevens, Waycross, Ga.

Ladies' Day at the Fount.

On Monday, August 5th, the literary committee of the Woman's department will have charge of the Venable soda water corner of Peachtree and Marietta streets. The proprietors have given them a liberal supply of the receipts, and a liberal supply of cream and sherberts on hand. The ladies are invited to come with cake at the usual price of eight cents.

Removal Notice.

Mr. I. M. Mayer begs to announce the removal of his studio from 127 South Pryor street to the Atlanta Woman's college, 145 and 148 Whitehall street, he having taken the directorship of the music department of the college.

A PUBLICATION AND A CARD.

The One Calls Forth the Other—Mr. W. O. Jones Has a Word To Say.

The issue of The Looking Glass, which appeared yesterday contained a sensational article concerning Mr. O. H. Jones. Mr. Jones is one of the finest young men in Atlanta. Everybody who knows him respects him most highly, and the insinuations contained in the article referred to are not believed by any of his friends.

As soon as the article appeared, Mr. W. O. Jones, the well-known liverrman, and the brother of Mr. O. H. Jones, went in search of Mr. Stein, the editor of the paper. That gentleman, as soon as the matter was presented to him sent Mr. Jones the following letter:

"W. O. Jones, Esquire—Dear Sir: Your brother, Mr. O. H. Jones, has called on me and informed me that he had been referred to a slight difficulty into which he was forced a few days ago does him injustice in some particulars. With reference to the matter thoroughly, and if it turns out that we were in error, I will have it promptly corrected. We are anxious to do justice to everybody under all circumstances. Yours truly, O. H. STEIN."

"All we want," said Mr. W. O. Jones last evening, "is the facts in the case. Mr. Stein being disposed to do what is right about it, we are bound in honor to give him an opportunity to investigate and make a correction. All that my brother and myself desire is fair treatment in the matter. Nobody who knows my brother would believe that he could for an instant be guilty of insulting a lady; on the contrary, he would go to the furthest length to defend one. A good deal of indignation has been expressed by friends over the publication, and there is a tendency on the part of some of them to act rashly in the matter. I hope, however, they will do nothing just as we shall, and give the editor an opportunity to investigate and make the correction suggested."

\$9.80 for a Hard Wood Mantel complete, at Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

Fibre Slop Pails. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

You should see those beautiful Reed and Rattan Rockers that are going at a sacrifice sale at T. J. FAMBROS', 87 and 89 Peachtree. He has a full stock, and all going at

Cut Prices NEXT WEEK

Jewel Gas Stoves use 25 per cent less gas than any other.

Fruit Jars at bottom prices Lamar & Rankin Drug Co.

\$3.00 buys an Oak Mantel at Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co's.

Tremendous Rush Expected

As This Is Probably Our Last Week in Business

\$10,000.00

WORTH OF

Fancy Dry Goods and Notions

STILL ON OUR COUNTERS AND SHELVES.

We will hardly know what to do with our goods unless you come and carry them off. They are to be had at most any price that you wish to pay.

THIS WEEK WILL BE THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

TO PROCURE

Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets, LACES, RIBBONS, Art Goods, Infants' Goods and Notions

500 pairs 12, 16 and 20-button length EVENING GLOVES, excellent quality, perfect shades, at less than half price.

Stamping and Designing done neatly and promptly.

T. N. WINSLOW 28 WHITEHALL ST.



"Yes, I get all my Spices and Flavoring Extracts at Jacobs' Pharmacy, Cor. Peachtree and Decatur Sts. They always keep such a nice assortment and—their prices are much lower than I have to pay elsewhere. I can get Allspices, Cinnamon, Cloves, Sage, Hops, Bay Leaves and Ginger—for 5 cents an ounce; Pepper for 25 cents a pound, Mustard 25 cents a pound. The best Brandy I ever used for canning fruit I got there, and all the Caraway and Celery Seed that I use comes from Jacobs'. I never think of going elsewhere."

Healthy

Is the man who drinks Royal Pale Beer to the exclusion of all other beverages. It is put up in clear bottles with all the scrupulous care and elegance of finest champagne. Its beautiful amber color, its iridescent beady sparkle when the cork is drawn; its rich flavor and superb vitalizing qualities are the results of pure ingredients and perfect brewing. Nothing but imported Canadian Malt and Bohemian Hops are used.

When you ask for Royal Pale Beer, be sure you get it. Do not accept any other because some one says it is just as good. Keep on draught by all our customers. We bottle it for family and hotel use.

ATLANTA BREWING AND ICE CO.



Engaged people should bear in mind that we make a specialty of engagement rings, wedding cards and bridal presents. Call on us before supplying yourselves in these lines. J. P. Stevens & Bro., Jewelers, 47 Whitehall street.



T. J. FAMARO

Is headquarters for Lounges, Parlor Furniture and Couches. Look at that Couch on sidewalk Monday for \$8. Olive, crush plush. 87 and 89 Peachtree St.

AUGUST IS THE SEASON.

LOOKOUT INN,
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Most elegant and fashionable resort hotel in the south. Hosmer's celebrated orchestra, of Boston, Mass., gives two concerts daily. This is the greatest season the famous hotel "above the clouds" has ever had. Three hundred guests at present and accommodations for 500. aug 4-20

Piedmont Hotel.

GAINESVILLE, GA.
Cool and pleasant resort; fifty miles from Atlanta. Terms reasonable. S. R. Long street.

BONDS FOR SALE.

Sealed bids for three thousand dollars of the town of Harmony Grove bonds will be received until August 15, 1895. Said bonds (six in number) of the following description: To be issued in denominations of five hundred dollars each, to bear interest at 6 per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually on the 1st day of January and July.

Bids should be sealed and directed to T. A. LITTLE, Chairman Bond Committee, Harmony Grove, Ga.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the county commissioners at Lumpkin, Ga., for the erection of a new courthouse, to be built at Lumpkin, Stewart county, Georgia, up to the first Monday in September next, 12 o'clock m., when they will be opened. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the ordinary in Lumpkin, also at the office of Andrew J. Bryan & Co., architects, Atlanta, Ga. For further information write to the architects and interest in Simpson, chairman of the board of county commissioners, Lumpkin, Ga.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check of \$100 that the contractor will make bond in ten days after the contract has been awarded him.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

A. H. SIMPSON, Chairman Board of County Commissioners, Lumpkin, Ga., July 22, 1895.

aug 4-10 4th Tues 6th Tues 18th

FINANCIAL.

Margin Trading Explained.

No matter what book on speculation you may have read, send for ours. It is new and clearly defines all market expressions and explains margin trading in full. We are bullish on wheat, corn and oats, and advise purchasing on liberal margins and holding for 2 or 3 cents' advance. Send for our daily market letter, which tells when and in what to invest. Arbogast & Co., room 424 Traders' building, Chicago. July 21-22-23

Keep the house cool by using a Jewel Gas Stove. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

WE WANT A traveling man states. Best of references required. The Michigan Corset Co., Jackson, Mich.

NEW RESORT.

Lakewood Park. Refreshments of all kinds served. Cars leave post-office. Traction line.

PAUL J. FORTIN,
ROOM 617, THE GRAND.

The Joachim School of Violin playing. Thorough training in viola and violinello. Free classes to pupils in theory. Harmony ensemble and orchestra playing. aug-sun-wed-sun

TO CHARLESTON AND RETURN

\$2.95
Georgia Railroad, August 17th.

J. B. Roberts,
45 Marietta Street.

6-7 h. Piedmont avenue. \$2.50

8-9 h. Pittman ave. 61x106; \$25 cash, \$10 month; \$1.50; will take one good in part pay.

7-8 h. Windsor street, 60x170. 4.00

4-5 h. 13th street, 55x244. 2.50

6-7 h. West End. 2.00

8-9 h. Bellwood, \$20 cash, \$10 mo. 2.50

We want 50,000 to 100,000 acres of good timber land. If you have it we can sell it for you.

Two nice 4-r. cottages to exchange for farm; rent \$20 per month. 5.00

We have several good farms with good grist mills for sale or exchange.

Bring us your bargains. We will sell them.

TO CHOOSE A MAJOR

Officers of the Fifth Regiment To Meet in Atlanta This Week.

MANY NAMES MENTIONED FOR THE PLACE

An Interesting Record Made by Company K—What the Boys Have Done Since Organization.

There's a brand new major somewhere in the ranks of the fifth Georgia regiment. Just who he is will not be known until Tuesday, at which time all of the commissioned officers of the regiment will meet in Atlanta and cast their ballots for the soldier of their choice.

An exciting canvass is on. Atlanta is holding hands off, that is, none of her companies have put out a man for the office, because of the fact that the two other majors are members of the city troop.

But the out-of-town companies have their candidates and they are pulling with a mighty pull to place the major's uniform on their favorite.

Several days ago the regiment was reorganized and three battalions formed by the order of Colonel Candler. The first battalion, consisting of companies B, C, I and K, were placed under the command of Major William J. Kendrick. Major Cleveland Wilcoxson was placed in command of the Second battalion, consisting of companies A, D and H. The Third battalion was made of companies E, G and F. It is this division to which the new major will be assigned as soon as he can be elected.

Many names have been suggested for this office, but the race resolves itself into a fight between two or three officers. Captain C. L. Smith, who is in command of the Lagrange Light Guards, comes in for his share of talk. He is a strong man and will put up a heated fight. Captain J. H. Herrins, of the Newnan Guards, is also a candidate. He is one of the best known officers in the state troop and has shown that he is a soldier in every sense of the word. Captain D. J. Bailey, Jr., and Captain Sanford, of the Marietta Rifles, are also in the field.

All of these are men of experience and are thoroughly qualified to take up the duties of the major's office.

Interest in the race spreads throughout the state and there is a great deal of wire pulling among the officers. The Atlanta officers are objects of attention at present from the other companies, as upon their votes very largely depend the direction the election goes.

A Crack Company.

The immediate cause of this increase in battalions and the reorganization was the coming in of the Atlanta reserve or Company K.

This company is yet in its infancy, but it has a history and a record of more than passing interest.

This company was organized strictly on business principles. The best material was selected and there is a high standard of morality among the men.

Many difficulties presented themselves, but these were successfully met and overcome. Lieutenant Charles M. Roberts, of the Capital City Guards, was first in command, but his business was of such a nature that it required his removal from Atlanta, and he was succeeded by Captain M. B. Spencer, who as captain of the Atlanta Rifles led them to so many victories. He was also compelled to relinquish command and the new company was placed in the hands of Captain William C. Massey, of the Governor's Horse Guard. Captain Massey went at once to work and the present splendid condition of the company is due in a large measure to his ready work.

The first public appearance of the company was during the recent encampment at St. Simon's. The record made then was marvelous. Three orders were selected from this company during the week of the encampment by the commanding officer for their soldierly appearance and general fitness. In all drills and parades it was characterized by its prompt appearance on the field and strict obedience to orders. It came in for a good stand in the company drill and in the individual drill which began with five men from each company of the regiment, had four men up when the contest had narrowed down to five. This individual prize was won by Sergeant Charles M. Pendleton, Corporal Krute, of Company A, was the next man after Pendleton to be thrown out. On the last day this company also demonstrated its athletic qualifications. Private G. E. Russell won the running broad jump and Private Frank Hatfield the swimming race.

All of the officers are men of ability. Captain Will Massey is one of the most thorough disciplinarians in the state troop. He was for a long time connected with the City Guard and afterwards with the Governor's Horse Guard. Lieutenant Samuel H. Askew is an officer full of enthusiasm and energy. For a long while he was a member of the examining board and did good service. He resigned the office of second lieutenant in the Capital City Guards to accept the present position. Charles P. Maury, the second lieutenant, came to Georgia from Kentucky. He is a relative of the celebrated Commodore Maury and knows a thing or two himself.

This company is one of the most deserving organizations in the state.

To Select Their Teams.

The companies of the Fifth regiment will select this week the teams to represent them during the state rifle contest at Albany. This will be one of the most exciting contests ever held between the state companies.

Captain William E. Vooten, who has it in charge, has raised over \$300, which will be given out in prizes. This is the only feature of military service in which the Fifth regiment boys are wanting. For some cause they have never shown a disposition to take to the rifle practice with as much avidity as they have shown in other directions.

This week, however, the boys will name their teams and they are preparing to make a good show.

MR. PARKER IN CHARGE.

He Has the Direction of the Y. M. C. A. During Mr. Mathews's Absence.

Mr. O. J. Parker, in the absence of the Secretary Mathews, has been in charge of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association during the last few weeks. Mr. Parker is a talented young man, full of enthusiasm and energy, and his brief connection with the Young Men's Christian Association has demonstrated the fact that he is made of the right timber. He will be the place of Mr. Post Cleveland, who has given up his position to enter the Presbyterian ministry. Mr. Parker came to Atlanta from Jonesboro, Ga. two or three years ago. He has made a host of friends during his residence in this city. As the result of his genial disposition he has already brought several new members into the association. The appointment is a good one and the association is to be congratulated in securing the services of such an excellent young man.

Evangelical Ministers.

The regular monthly meeting of the Evangelical Ministers' Association will be held in the lecture room of Trinity Methodist church tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock. It will be a lively meeting and quite a number of interesting topics will be discussed.

Simply Immense.

Since returning from the western and northern markets our stock of furniture, baby carriages, etc., is simply immense, and our prices are at the bottom. See us and save money. R. S. Crutcher, 8 Peachtree street.

EXPOSITION FURNITURE.

Large Quantities of It Sold During the Past Week.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

The Work of the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Furniture Company—A Few Suggestions.

The past week has been a record breaker with the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Furniture Company.

This house has scarcely been established a year, yet for enterprise and supplying the wants of the people, it is second to none in this country. The fact that it is managed by expert furniture men who know every part of the business in detail, and, furthermore, that it has ample capital to carry a large and assorted stock of every description, quality and variety of furniture, shows that it is prepared to serve the people in a manner that deserves their consideration. It is not only furniture that this house handles. It makes a specialty of carpets and drapery of every description. Here you can find goods from the Orient that are as fine as any that is sold in any part of the civilized world.

The feature that is most interesting just now to this house and to its large patronage throughout the state, is that it has supplied the leading hotels in this city with furniture, carpets and draperies. During the week that has just passed they closed contracts with the Venable Bros., to furnish 150 rooms; the Oregon annex, 30 rooms; Mr. Dickey's hotel, 75 rooms; Mr. Williams, 60 rooms; Mr. Whitaker, 56 rooms; Mr. Orme, 38 rooms; Mr. Hoh, 28 rooms.

If next week they do as big business in furnishing hotels as they have during the past week, there will be homes provided for thousands of guests during the exposition.

It must be understood that the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Furniture Company have secured the furnishing of these rooms in competition with the biggest furniture and carpet houses in the United States. This speaks well for Atlanta and shows that we have men who are enterprising and up to date and an eye open for business.

This spirit has made Atlanta what she is, and when people are determined never to be undersold and to let outside people come in and carry off business that legitimately belongs to it, success always attends their efforts.

Of course, this sale by the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Company is only a starter. There are thousands of homes throughout the city that will be furnished between now and the opening of the exposition, and the fact that the Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Furniture Company will, to a large extent, influence the people of Atlanta to go to that concern when they buy for their private homes. Now is the time to buy your furniture. If you wait until just before the exposition it may be almost impossible to get exactly what you want and you would have to pay prices much higher than now. At least this is your order now so that the merchants can know what to count on and have things in stock.

At least two million people will visit Atlanta, and a great deal of furniture will have to be sold to accommodate them. If you put off buying until just before the exposition and then find that you are not able to make satisfactory purchases, don't blame anybody but yourself. The people have been warned time and again to look into the matter at once, and even if you don't feel like buying at present, give your order so that the goods will be here when you really need them.

The Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Company have on hand about 500 suites of their special hotel outfit ready for immediate delivery, and it seems from this they are doing the exposition hotel business. It is their enterprise, money and up-to-date methods are the incentive to low prices. The Rhodes, Snook & Haverly Furniture Company may truly be said to be in the front rank in their special line. Everybody in Atlanta knows where their business is—on Peachtree street, near the railroad.

FOR THOSE WHO DRIVE.

Peachtree Street Should Be Free from the Heavy Drays.

Peachtree, the prettiest driveway in the south, has been practically blocked during the past week or two with the hundreds of heavy drays and carriages that have thronged the streets.

Much complaint has been made recently concerning the large number of heavy drays and wagons that crowd the street every day. Those who drive on the street for pleasure state that they find it difficult to get along the thoroughfare at all, so crowded is the condition of the street with the many heavy drays that pass every it. They say that some change should be made.

The citizens on Peachtree are making a vigorous kick. They say that the heavily loaded wagons damage the asphalt, choke the street and crowd the city and impede travel to a great degree.

Monday a strong effort will be made before the council to have the big drays kept off the street. The council will be appealed to to make the change, and there is every reason to believe that the measure will pass.

"Why," said a prominent resident on the street, yesterday, "Peachtree street is as widely known as Atlanta. All our visitors come to see it and all of them drive out it. All of the people who come here now on an exposition business want to take a spin over Peachtree. We should have at least one good driveway on which big drays are not allowed. There is no reason why they should go over Peachtree street. The parallel streets are good for heavy drays, and draymen will go a half dozen blocks out of their way to get on the asphalt. As a result, Peachtree is almost valueless as a driveway now."

Several prominent citizens will appear before the council and urge that the drays be kept off the street. The measure is in favor with nearly all of the members of council and will almost certainly pass.

FOR THE HOSPITAL.

The Woman's Board To Have a Benefit Thursday Night.

The ladies of the woman's board of exposition managers will maintain an emergency hospital at the grounds during the exposition. They are now trying to raise money for this purpose and among other things will have a benefit performance at the Lyceum next week.

Thursday night the opera "Dorothy" will be sung and the proceeds will go to the support of the hospital. The ladies will have charge of the sale of tickets and the house will be crowded.

25 per cent saved on Mantels, Tiles and Grates at Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

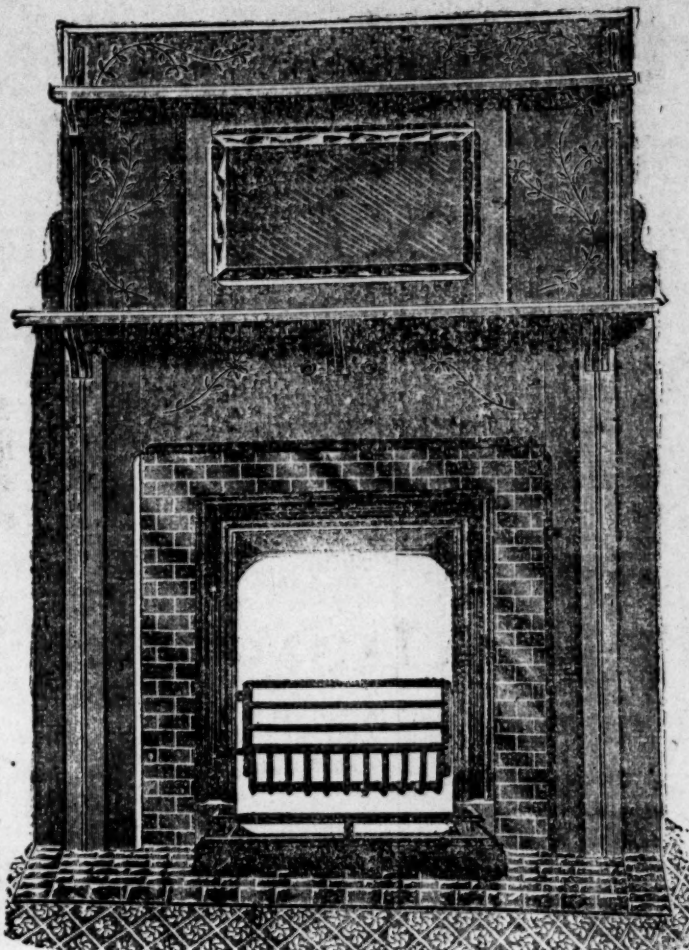
Fruit Jars at bottom prices Lamar & Rankin Drug Co.

Jewel Gas Stoves will heat water for a bath in ten minutes.

Exposition Cots by the Hundred, my prices are the lowest to rent or sell. See my stock, they are all in and ready for inspection. I have the latest and the best improved Exposition Cots at Cut Prices.

T. J. FAMARO, 87 and 89 Peachtree St.

LOOK. LOOK. LOOK. Only \$9.80.



This OAK MANTEL and top beveled glass, complete with Grate, Tile Hearth and facing complete, for only \$9.80 cash.

Come and see the largest assortment of Hard Wood Mantels South at prices never offered by any other house.

Mantels complete.....	\$ 9.80
Mantels complete.....	\$11.00
Mantels complete.....	\$13.50
Mantels complete.....	\$15.00
Mantels complete.....	\$22.50
Mantels complete.....	\$25.00

A full line of Grates and Tiles at low prices. For cash you can save fully 25 per cent on Mantels.

HUNNICUTT & BELLINGRATH CO., Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, ATLANTA - - - - GEORGIA.

EDUCATIONAL.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY,

Ball & Davis Bldg. (former Weber Music Hall) Chicago. All branches of Music, Dramatic Art, Elocution. Teachers trained by school, unrivaled advantages. Terms moderate. Fall term begins Sept. 9. Send for Catalogue. A. J. HATFIELD, Director.

COLONEL J. COLTON LYNES' SELECT SCHOOL FOR FIFTEEN PUPILS.

Price and limited number justify individual attention and assure progress. Entire freedom from crowding and feverish haste. Usual college or business preparatory. No extra charge for Spanish, French, German or drawing. Sciences with apparatus. Boys and Girls. Apply at 23 East Harris street, Atlanta.

New York city, 11 West Eighty-sixth street (adjacent Central park), THE JACOTOT SCHOOL, a French and English boarding and day school for girls. Miss Froment, Mrs. C. L. Morgan, principals. Fall term begins October 1, 1895. Prospectus sent on application. aug-13m sun wed

Glenn-Hanna Schools FOR GIRLS.

Boys Admitted in Primary and Intermediate Grades.

NO. 15 E. CAIN ST.

PRINCIPALS—MISS E. H. HANNA, PROF. J. W. GLENN.

The association of these two schools, as made March 1, 1895, will continue through the ensuing scholastic year. The schools are separate in that each pupil is under the direction and control of the principal in whose school he is placed, but the textbooks, course of study and arrangement of classes is such that the pupils of each school will have the benefit of the ability and experience of the teachers of both.

The faculty of the two schools as thus combined is as follows:

Science, Latin and Mathematics, Professor Glenn.
Belles Lettres and Mathematics, Miss Hanna.
Intermediate Department—Miss J. B. Hampton.
Primary Department—Mrs. Alice Hollinshead.
Vocal Music—Miss Elizabeth Kenney.
Instrumental Music—Miss McArthur.
Elocution and Physical Department—Mrs. M. S. Worsham.
Assistant—Miss M. E. Orr.
Intermediate and Primary Drawing and Painting—Miss J. B. Hampton.
Kindergarten to be supplied.
Modern Languages, Berlitz School.

HAT RACK

Monday. I will make "Cut Prices" to close them out. I must sell \$5,000 worth of goods next week. To do this my whole stock will be on the market at 23-1-3 discount.

T. J. FAMARO, 87 and 89 Peachtree.

Hotel Ranges. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

Hotel Ranges. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

Hotel Ranges. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

RANGES

For coal, coke, wood, oil and gas. The only house in the city that carries a full line of Hotel Ranges and Kitchen Furniture.

Steam Tables, Bake Ovens, Coffee and Tea Urns—in fact everything needed in a Hotel, Restaurant or Boarding House Kitchens.

GAS OR ELECTRIC CHANDELIERS.

1,000 new Gas Fixtures just in at factory prices.

We are closing out our REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER COOLERS and FILTERS.

Must have the room. Now is the time to buy if you need one.

JEWEL Gas Stoves

ARE THE BEST.

The only Stove on the market that will give you a hot water bath in 10 minutes. The Jewel uses 25 per cent less gas than any other. Ten per cent off for cash this week.

Read This. You Can't Resist 'Em.

20 % DISCOUNT OFF

Our entire stock of Thin Clothing, size, style and color ranges comprehensive and complete. The assortment includes Alpaca, Sicilians, Drap d' Etes, Brilliantines a skeleton-lined Serges.

33 % DISCOUNT OFF

Our entire stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Cheviot, Cassimere, Homespun and Worsted Suits and Children's Wash Suits. The variety is as attractive now as it was at the dawn of the season.

50 % DISCOUNT OFF

Our entire stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Straw Hats. This department has just been enriched by a pretty and picturesque lot of Children's Sailor Hats. You may own them at half price.

Extra Items.

Men's thin Office Coats, the regular \$1.00 quality, at.....	50c
Men's Negligee Shirts, the regular \$1.00 quality, at.....	59c
Men's Negligee Shirts, the regular \$1.25 quality, at.....	89c
Manhattan Negligee Shirts, the regular \$1.50 and \$1.75 quality, at.....	\$1.29
Men's Alpaca Coats, the regular \$2.00 quality, at.....	\$1.19
Men's Skeleton Serge Suits, regular \$12 quality, at.....	\$7.98
Blue Cheviot Bicycle Trousers, the regular \$2.75 quality, at.....	\$1.98

These bargains are all great; they come only at rare intervals and are never offered by anyone except

EISEMAN BROS.,
15-17 Whitehall Street.

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BRICE MEN IN A FIGHT

They Try To Run a County Convention and Get Whipped.

TWO SETS OF DELEGATES NAMED

The Faction Which Opposes the Senator Controlled the Meeting.

THE CHAIRMAN ROUGHLY HANDLED

In the Scuffle He Was Knocked Off the Stage—The Speakers Could Not Be Heard.

Springfield, O., August 3.—At the democratic county convention this afternoon two tickets were named and two sets of delegates to the state convention elected. There was much disorder.

The row began immediately upon the call of Chairman W. W. Wintmeyer for order. No sooner had he opened the convention when George Arthur attempted to address the delegates, while W. C. Armstrong, a strong anti-Brice man, rushed to the front of the stage and amid the cheers of encouragement from his faction and hoofs of rage from the Brice faction, proclaimed that he had been elected temporary chairman. Hon. John L. Zimmerman, a Brice man, who had been selected as chairman by the democratic central committee, also came forward with his supporters and, at this moment, Internal Revenue Collector S. M. McMillan, a Brice man, jostled Armstrong and pushed him off the stage to the floor below.

D. T. West grabbed McMillan and dozens of men, wild with rage, scuffled on the stage, knocking the heavy desk off the platform and striking Armstrong, who jumped back on the stage.

A half dozen policemen in uniform attempted to restore order. The Armstrong-Thomas faction, in spite of the yells of the Brice men, went through the motions of appointing committees and nominated a county ticket. Then another rush was made for the stage, several men going to Zimmerman's assistance. The two sides continued scuffling for some time. Armstrong, in the meantime, was putting men down and declaring them carried. Several men tried to address the convention, but their voices could not be heard above the din and confusion. Finally both sides announced their declarations to the state convention and the assembly adjourned.

SILVER IN INDIANA.

The Press and the People Are Fighting the Goldbugs.

Greensburg, Ind., August 3.—(Special.)—Interest in the silver question is at high heat in Indiana now, notwithstanding the fact that all the goldbug papers insist that it is dying out and will disappear entirely with the first frost. The fact is the interest is increasing all the time. Many new papers are springing up in all sections advocating the free coinage of silver and many former goldbug editors have changed their ideas and now are talking to their readers in genuine free silver editorials. The money question is the sole question discussed at the party meetings held away for later use. Silver leagues are springing up in many of the counties of the state.

When Senator Turpin returned from the Memphis convention he declared it his purpose to enter the contest for the restoration of silver and stay there until the nation declares her independence by opening her mints to the white metal. Senator Voorhees heartily seconded this move of his colleague, as also did many other leading politicians of the state, republicans as well as democrats.

The goldbugs say it's just "a free silver craze" and "only a fad." They seem to be taking it at a serious import, though, for ex-Congressman Bynum is sent out by them to deliver gold speeches, for which he receives, it is stated on good authority, \$50 each. It's not with little success, however, that he has met with, for the attendance to the speakings everywhere has been generally very meager.

Notwithstanding that he had been much advertised when he spoke here the 23d instant, there were exactly thirty-nine men, women and children present, actual count. He found that he was in a strong silver community. The Review, republican, and The New Era, democratic, advocating the free coinage. By a canvass of the business and professional men of the city it was discovered that seventy-seven out of 100 favored free coinage. If taken to the rural districts it would be found that the vote would stand 90 out of the 100 favoring the white metal. The wage workers and farmers are practically unanimous for free silver. "Coin's Financial School" has been scattered throughout every township and in spite of the slander of its enemies its sales are daily increasing. "Coin" has been followed up by the documents of the Wall Street Sound Money League, but they have had little effect, being too verbose for the average reader. The opinion seems to be that the campaign of 1896 must be fought on the money question. Indiana was noted as fighting ground in the great tariff battles, but never in the history of the state has so deep interest been felt in any political question as is now felt in the contest between the people and the shysters. The people are for bimetalism and the democracy of Indiana can be relied on to stand true to the interests of the people.

IOWA'S CONVENTION.

A Majority of the Counties Send Uninstructed Delegations.

Des Moines, Ia., August 3.—The last Iowa counties held their conventions today to name delegates to the democratic convention Wednesday. A majority of the counties send uninstructed delegations. The silver men have made the issue in almost all places and where they could control, have instructed for free silver resolutions by the state convention. The policy of the gold standard men on the other hand has been to avoid instructions.

MISSOURI STATE CONVENTION.

Delegates Selected Yesterday Instructed for Free Coinage.

Kansas City, Mo., August 3.—Democratic county convention to select delegates to the state silver convention at Pertie Springs next Tuesday were held in the several counties today with these results: Jackson county elected thirty-two delegates; adopted resolutions in favor of free coinage and to vote as a unit on all questions coming before the state convention. Henry county chose seven delegates and adopted 1 to 1 resolution in favor of free coinage. Livingston county selected white metal delegates and passed resolutions denouncing Congressman U. S. Hall's course and declaring that he resign.

Platte county selected five delegates;

A BRIDE OR DEATH

Thomas Westbrook Gives W. J. Williamson His Choice Between the Two.

MARRIAGE IS ACCEPTED AT FIRST

Williamson, However, Changes His Mind and Declines To Marry.

WESTBROOK SHOTS HIM DOWN

The Murder Was To Avenge an Injured Sister—The Young Woman Greatly Excited by the Tragedy.

Nashville, Tenn., August 3.—(Special.)—William J. Williamson, a carpenter, aged thirty-five and single, was slain in cold blood while on his way to work at an early hour this morning. His slayer was Thomas Westbrook. The cause of the tragedy was Williamson's refusal to marry Miss Altona Westbrook, an employee in Marshall & Bruce's book bindery.

Williamson and Westbrook met on Broad street, near Kayne avenue, at 6:45 o'clock this morning. None of the witnesses to the tragedy were near enough to hear what was said, but Westbrook's attorney says Westbrook gives the following version of it:

Westbrook, he says, said to Williamson: "You have ruined my sister and I want you to come peaceably along and get a license and marry her."

Williamson, so he says, consented, turned and walked a few steps with Westbrook, but, reconsidering the matter, turned back and said, "No, I'll be d-d if I do."

Westbrook then drew a pistol and fired at Williamson, who fell to the pavement. Westbrook walked up to his prostrate victim and fired four more bullets into his body, one of which passed through his heart. Either one of the four wounds was sufficient to have caused death.

Westbrook then went on up Broad street, reloading the revolver. He went to where Charles Conley, another carpenter, works and told him that he had killed Williamson and would kill him, too, if he had sufficient proof. Westbrook had a pint of whiskey in his pocket at the time of the killing and drank half of this before he was arrested, so that he was drunk when he reached the station house. His attorneys refused to let any one see either him or his sister. Westbrook was committed to jail. It is said that Williamson had been warned to cease his attentions to Miss Westbrook. The latter was at work when she heard of the tragedy and went home very much agitated. Westbrook's father killed a man about a year ago and was acquitted.

VIOLET CARRIED IT.

Frankfort, Ky., August 3.—An exciting primary was held here today and Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., the Blackburn candidate for the legislature, was defeated by James A. Violet, the McCrory man. The city was expected to go for Taylor by about 200 votes but Violet carried it by 24 votes. Out in the county Violet had everything his own way. It is very hard in the city to solidly for Violet.

TILLMANITES TAKE TWO OUT OF THREE.

Chester, S. C., August 3.—All the precincts in Chester county give a total vote of 610. E. N. Redfern and F. P. Taylor, Tillmanites, received 552 and 651 respectively, and E. J. Kennedy, straightout, received 44. Polls were held at Tillmanite, was left far in the rear; therefore, Chesterfield's delegation stands two Tillmanites and one straightout.

FIGHT FOR A SEAT IN CONGRESS.

Selma, Ala., August 3.—(Special.)—J. T. Thomas today instituted quo warranto proceedings against G. A. Stuck to compel him to show by what authority he holds the office of congressman from the fifth ward. Stuck was the nominee of the democratic party and was declared elected over Thomas. The latter has the affidavit of a majority of the voters that they cast their votes for him.

WILL STAND FOR CONGRESS.

Selma, Ala., August 3.—(Special.)—Judge George H. Craig, who has announced that he will be a candidate for congress in the next election. He is a republican.

THE DUEL IS OFF.

Two Young South Carolinians Are Put Under Peace Bonds.

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After the examination of Mortimer Shaw,

A BRIDE OR DEATH

Thomas Westbrook Gives W. J. Williamson His Choice Between the Two.

MARRIAGE IS ACCEPTED AT FIRST

Williamson, However, Changes His Mind and Declines To Marry.

WESTBROOK SHOTS HIM DOWN

The Murder Was To Avenge an Injured Sister—The Young Woman Greatly Excited by the Tragedy.

Nashville, Tenn., August 3.—(Special.)—William J. Williamson, a carpenter, aged thirty-five and single, was slain in cold blood while on his way to work at an early hour this morning. His slayer was Thomas Westbrook. The cause of the tragedy was Williamson's refusal to marry Miss Altona Westbrook, an employee in Marshall & Bruce's book bindery.

Williamson and Westbrook met on Broad street, near Kayne avenue, at 6:45 o'clock this morning. None of the witnesses to the tragedy were near enough to hear what was said, but Westbrook's attorney says Westbrook gives the following version of it:

Westbrook, he says, said to Williamson: "You have ruined my sister and I want you to come peaceably along and get a license and marry her."

Williamson, so he says, consented, turned and walked a few steps with Westbrook, but, reconsidering the matter, turned back and said, "No, I'll be d-d if I do."

Westbrook then drew a pistol and fired at Williamson, who fell to the pavement. Westbrook walked up to his prostrate victim and fired four more bullets into his body, one of which passed through his heart. Either one of the four wounds was sufficient to have caused death.

Westbrook then went on up Broad street, reloading the revolver. He went to where Charles Conley, another carpenter, works and told him that he had killed Williamson and would kill him, too, if he had sufficient proof. Westbrook had a pint of whiskey in his pocket at the time of the killing and drank half of this before he was arrested, so that he was drunk when he reached the station house. His attorneys refused to let any one see either him or his sister. Westbrook was committed to jail. It is said that Williamson had been warned to cease his attentions to Miss Westbrook. The latter was at work when she heard of the tragedy and went home very much agitated. Westbrook's father killed a man about a year ago and was acquitted.

VIOLET CARRIED IT.

Frankfort, Ky., August 3.—An exciting primary was held here today and Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., the Blackburn candidate for the legislature, was defeated by James A. Violet, the McCrory man. The city was expected to go for Taylor by about 200 votes but Violet carried it by 24 votes. Out in the county Violet had everything his own way. It is very hard in the city to solidly for Violet.

TILLMANITES TAKE TWO OUT OF THREE.

Chester, S. C., August 3.—All the precincts in Chester county give a total vote of 610. E. N. Redfern and F. P. Taylor, Tillmanites, received 552 and 651 respectively, and E. J. Kennedy, straightout, received 44. Polls were held at Tillmanite, was left far in the rear; therefore, Chesterfield's delegation stands two Tillmanites and one straightout.

FIGHT FOR A SEAT IN CONGRESS.

Selma, Ala., August 3.—(Special.)—J. T. Thomas today instituted quo warranto proceedings against G. A. Stuck to compel him to show by what authority he holds the office of congressman from the fifth ward. Stuck was the nominee of the democratic party and was declared elected over Thomas. The latter has the affidavit of a majority of the voters that they cast their votes for him.

WILL STAND FOR CONGRESS.

Selma, Ala., August 3.—(Special.)—Judge George H. Craig, who has announced that he will be a candidate for congress in the next election. He is a republican.

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As the opinion grows that the retirement of the duke of Cambridge, as commander in chief of the forces, will be deferred and the succession of the duke of Connaught to the command of the army be confirmed, the discontent deepens. The movement emanates almost entirely from the queen, who clings to views residing in the iron duke, the royal court, Peel, John Russell, Palmerston, Beaconsfield and other statesmen that royalty nearly related to the sovereign ought to be at the head of the army. No body doubts that Lord Salisbury, with his present bias, will cheerfully comply with the queen's wishes. The court is bringing a vigorous pressure on the duke of Devonshire to make him renounce his recommendation of Lord Salisbury. The queen has sent to both Lord Salisbury and the duke of Devonshire a long memorandum embodying her views in regard to the army. Her majesty hopes to be enabled to prove to her cabinet that she is right. The next week that the British sovereign's hold on the army is not materially less than his on the German army. If possible she hopes in some indirect manner to use the Kaiser to influence government to effect her purpose.

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CHINESE MASSACRE CHRISTIANS.

Missionaries at Kucheng Murdered by the Heathens.

Shanghai, August 3.—The Shanghai Express prints a telegram from Foo-chow, under date of August 3d, reporting a frightful massacre of Christians in Kucheng, in the province of Kunsu-Sun-Kiang.

Among those murdered were five American ladies. No confirmation of the report has been received.

The News Confirmed.

Washington, August 3.—A cable dispatch, received at the state department today from Mr. Jamnigan, United States consul general at Shanghai, reports a massacre of Christians at Kucheng, China. The missionaries were killed, but one was seriously wounded. The name of the place where the massacre occurred was not plain in the dispatch, but it is understood to be Kucheng, where, according to a United Press cable message from Shanghai received this morning a frightful massacre of Christians had occurred.

The only place on the map of the state department which resembles Kucheng in name is Kiching. This is located in the middle of the China empire, north of the Yang-Tze-Kiang river. Navy department officials say that no vessel can get within several hundred miles of the place.

A dispatch from Mr. Jernigan gave the name of the American lady who was seriously wounded as Miss Harlow and said that five English ladies were killed.

The Miss Harlow named in Mr. Jernigan's dispatch as having been wounded is believed to be Miss Mabel C. Hartford, of Dover, N. H., in charge of the Methodist mission at Kiching. Her assistant is Miss W. H. House, and two other Methodist female missionaries, Miss Mabel Allen and Miss Sarah Peters, are located at places nearby. The church at Kiching is a large one. The mission at Kungping and the five English women who were killed are probably attached to it.

At the state department it is believed that the massacre is simply the result of another outbreak of fanaticism, such as was rampant during the Chinese-Japanese war. The greatest riot at that time against Christians occurred at Cheng-Tu. The American mission buildings there were destroyed, but no American was killed. Minister Denby protested against the treatment of the Americans

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30 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., August 4, 1895.

The Condition of the Treasury.

We hear a great deal about the return of prosperity. A return even to the low and gloomy conditions of 1893 is lifted by the exuberance of the trade journals into something like a phenomenon. We are told daily that the country is recovering, that confidence is restored and that various other things have taken place that will place the business of the country on the highest levels of the highest tide. But behind the artificial exuberance that is circulated for a purpose is the fear of the thoughtful and conservative business men of the country that we have not seen the end of the conditions that have operated for the past two years to crush out all commercial and industrial activity.

These thoughtful and conservative business men are asking themselves whether the temporary relief that has been given by the last syndicate bond purchase is to show signs of permanence when that powerful combination concludes that its business contract has been fully carried out. It will be remembered that this combination of individual bankers, going altogether outside of the routine of ordinary business, undertook to protect the treasury for a limited period. For this they were paid a bonus of \$10,000,000 by the administration, a sum large enough to engage the members of the syndicate to put forth their utmost powers. This they seem to have done, though they found the conditions which they had agreed to overcome to be of such perplexing character that they were unable to carry out the letter of their contract, though they have fulfilled its spirit.

By the terms of the contract the syndicate was to import \$32,000,000 of gold. The rate of exchange, however, was so unfavorable that the best that could be done was to arrest the export of gold by selling bills of exchange a little below the market price. The shipments thus arrested have been counted by the syndicate as imported gold. This has met with criticism on the part of some of the New York papers; but we have no doubt the syndicate did the best it could. Its only recourse, in the face of the high ruling of exchange in the New York market was to borrow gold in London and sell bills against the loan in New York. Otherwise there would have been no cessation in the export of gold from the treasury. Even with this, the syndicate has not been able to prevent a run on the treasury reserve. More than two millions was taken from the treasury a fortnight ago. This the syndicate was at some pains to replace, in this matter going somewhat beyond the letter of its contract.

News comes now that more than two millions of gold was carted out of the treasury for shipment yesterday. No doubt the syndicate will feel called upon to replace this amount; but the most thoughtful and conservative business men of the country very clearly perceive that the United States cannot continue to depend on the efforts of a rich syndicate of bankers to stand between the government and ruin. There is an end to the manipulations of the syndicate. But what will the end be? It is claimed that this government, the strongest and the most powerful on the face of the earth, is now shielded from bankruptcy by the efforts of a half dozen of the rich bankers of New York and London. But an end to this sort of protection must come after awhile, and when it does come, what then?

The New York Journal of Commerce, which represents the best business thought of New York, shows in its issue of July 9th, an extract from which is reprinted on this page, that the operations of the syndicate have "averted an export of about \$100,000,000 of gold, with inconceivable disaster alike to the treasury and to the country at large. Rarely," says The Journal of Commerce, "has a nation's finances been more miraculously saved." Conceding the miracle, can we expect it to be continuous? A miracle, if we understand the term, is a thing of the moment. It cannot last forever. Otherwise, it would cease to be a miracle and become a commonplace affair that would attract not the slightest attention.

But The Journal of Commerce, representing the thoughtful and conservative business men of its section—and, indeed, of all sections—is beginning to have doubts about the future. The Journal of Commerce is of the opinion that if there are "no secret understandings," whereby the syndicate is to assume permanent control of the treasury, "it is time to prepare for self-help."

Now, whether we regard the remarks of The Journal of Commerce as a mere

statement of fact or as a warning, we are bound to recognize the justice of it. It springs, and puts in a foremost place, the question—After the syndicate, what? That is the question that the thoughtful and conservative business men of the country are asking themselves today. On this important matter we print in another column some interesting extracts from an editorial article in The Journal of Commerce in order to show how vague and uncertain is the future of our financial affairs. The anomalous condition of syndicate control is safe enough as far as it goes, but how far is it to go? As The Journal of Commerce says, "There must be somewhere a point at which the syndicate must withdraw its support from the treasury; so that it is a case of only a few months when the gold reserve must return to the condition of exposure from which it has been shielded since last February."

All must agree that this is a sober statement of facts. The financial affairs of the treasury of the United States cannot much longer be controlled by a few individual bankers; but when their hands are removed, what is the remedy to be applied? The Journal of Commerce admits that the condition of the treasury is no better now than it was in February last if the syndicate were to take its hands off, and our contemporary admits that this contingency is something that it looks forward to with doubt and distrust. What then after all has the administration to show as the result of a policy that has been indorsed—fatuously, as we believe—by a great many business men? What has it to show in return for the public debt that it has piled up in order to sustain the treasury reserve?

The Journal of Commerce scouts the idea that after the syndicate has carried out its contract "affairs may be safely left to run themselves," and so the editor sets about suggesting a remedy—that remedy is for the banks to unite and pay all customs dues in gold. This would seem to be an adequate remedy if the banks had the gold to spare, but every symptom of the past two years shows that whether the banks have much or little gold they refuse to pay it out except for government bonds or other gilt-edged securities. The remedy proposed by The New York Journal of Commerce would be a good one of it were feasible; but we think that some other will have to be proposed.

Meanwhile, the fact remains that nothing has been done adequately to protect the gold reserve, and as soon as the syndicate carries out its contract, the reserve will be in the state of exposure that has invited raids on the treasury.

An Interesting Fight.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawthorne's letter in yesterday's Constitution it is evident that he is ready to meet the champions of the bloomer-bicycle business and discuss the question with them until they are satisfied. He addresses his challenge, if it may be called such, to "bicycle agents, strong-minded women and weak-minded men," and proposes to make them cry for quarter if the newspapers will give him as much space as his opponents fill.

This timely controversy can be made to do good. The people want more light on the subject, and they want to hear from experts who know all about bicycles, bloomers and Satan. There is no reason why the discussion should not be conducted pleasantly and courteously. If Dr. Hawthorne succeeds in winning the public over to his side it will be all right, and if the bicyclists convince the doctor that he is mistaken we feel sure that he will prove a valuable accession to their ranks.

Of course the newspapers will gladly give a reasonable amount of space to the able writer who feels disposed to enter this discussion. Short, pointed, fitting articles are always best, and a bicycle article of fifty lines will find a hundred readers where a column would only find ten. Let the war proceed, but let us have no abuse, no hard words, no sweeping assertions. Good humor is the thing.

A Warning To Young Men.

The sad case of Mr. Jesse Johnson, the son of a wealthy Mississippi cotton planter, should be a warning to young men who are thrown into the companionship of elderly single women. It seems that Jesse, who is now seeking a divorce, fell in love with a girl at home in Mississippi, but his father objected to the match and sent him to school at Worcester, Mass. When vacation came the old man sent him to Asbury Park to keep him away from his first love. At the park he met Miss Myrnell, of New York, an old maid who was many years his senior. The youngster says that she hypnotized him and they were married, the woman paying the expenses. A few days after the wedding the bride skipped out and the deserted husband has not seen her nor heard of her since.

With this new danger confronting them, the young men who visit summer resorts should be on their guard. Just when they least expect it, able females of mature years may swoop down upon them, hypnotize them into marriage, carry them off on a bridal trip and suddenly leave their victims in a damaged condition a thousand miles from home.

We do not know what remedy to suggest, but it might be well to make it a penal offense for any but young women to practice hypnotism.

An Important Measure.

At Monday's session of the general council the ordinance preventing heavy traffic upon Peachtree street, during certain hours of the day, will come up for consideration.

This is an important measure and one which should receive favorable action at the hands of the members of Atlanta's municipal legislature.

There are several reasons why such a restriction should be made. Peachtree is a residence street and is one of whose beauty it is the duty of every Atlantian to boast at all times. For the next few months this will be the main artery of the city's travel. As it is, at certain times during the day the street is almost impassable for driving on account of the heavy wagons, and if this character of traffic is permitted during the exposition months the street will become practically impassable, the beauty of the street as a thoroughfare will be marred, the safety of those driving to and from the exposition will be more or less endangered and the wear and tear upon the asphalt pavement will prove disastrous.

Peachtree is not meant to be used for traffic of this character. It is not necessary that heavy wagons hauling stoves and other commodities should go over this street, as it is paralleled on both sides by streets having stone pavement. There is every reason why some such restriction as contemplated by the ordinance be made, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the council will take some such action.

The Teachers in the Schools.

The card from Mr. Oscar Pappenhelmer, which appears in another column of this issue of The Constitution, touches upon an interesting and important subject.

The recent action of the board of education in lengthening the hours of duty of certain teachers of the public schools has attracted considerable attention, and Mr. Pappenhelmer suggests a remedy. While nobody will, of course, doubt that the members of the board of education are doing just what they deem to be the best thing under the circumstances, it does seem as if an extra hardship is placed upon the teachers.

Mr. Pappenhelmer suggests two remedies. Whether either will bring about the end desired is for the board of education to decide. Certainly it is not the intention of that body to work any unnecessary hardship upon the teachers. A discussion of the matter at this time can work no harm, and it may be well for the proper authorities to give this card careful consideration.

A Wisely Ordained Inequality.

Very few men are foolish enough to advocate an equal division of property, but as such cranks occasionally make quite a clamor it is well to consider the consequences of their absurd schemes.

The property of this country, which is owned by the inhabitants, if divided out would give each person \$800. It is estimated by a recent writer on the subject that this amount would support an individual two years. It would enable a family of five to own a cottage, farm and some of the conveniences of life. To many families this would be a little fortune.

Now, suppose these people should take care of their property and not squander it? They would dress alike, live in plain houses and have no social distinctions. But there would be disadvantages. No girl or woman with \$800 would go out to work as a domestic. She would do her own work and go without fine clothes and jewels, for such purchases would reduce her to poverty. A man with \$800 would not black shoes, nor hire another to do such work for him. He would not travel because it would cost too much, and he would stay at home doing his own work. Fewer railways would be built, fine hotels would have to close, and merchants would keep only the cheapest goods.

Enterprise would be paralyzed. People with \$800 apiece would be afraid to risk their money. They would hold on to their property because they would not want to fall below the average wealth of their neighbors. There would be no progress, no intellectual activity. When all men are equal in the matter of property every man will want to be boss.

Of course, such a condition cannot reasonably be supposed. If we had an equal division of property at sunrise, millions of men would be paupers before the sun went down. It was never intended that equality should exist in wealth any more than in intellect, physical strength, the size of the stars, and many other things. It is a blessing to mankind that some are rich while others are poor. We need wealthy men to start great enterprises which will employ the labor of the poor. The two classes have reciprocal interests, and there is every reason why they should be the best of friends. We need poverty just as much as we need clouds to offset the sunshine and the night to follow the day. The inequalities of fortune are just as wisely ordered as the inequalities of nature.

Midsummer Madness.

It must be admitted that the old poets who attributed a good many things to midsummer madness were right. It is not worth while to inquire whether they were inspired or whether they possessed the keen eye of observation. The fact remains that when the dog star rages over the people of the nations of the earth they cut up curious capers before high heaven.

No careful reader of the newspapers can have failed to be struck during the past two months with the accumulation of horrors that has been set forth in the news columns. Wives have murdered their husbands, husbands have murdered their wives, children have murdered their parents, parents have murdered their children. These matters have been spread out with such sickening continuity that the sober mind turns away from them with disgust.

And yet the sober mind is the inquiring mind, and it is inevitable that an explanation should be sought for. These crimes following one another with such hideous rapidity are confined to no class and to no section. Everywhere, and in all parts of the country, we hear of them, and the only explanation that can be given is the world-old one that at this time of the year, when the dog star is overhead and the morris dancers are holding high jubilee, midsummer madness takes the shape of an epidemic and overcomes the mind and understanding of those who have wheels in their head.

There is a remedy for this midsummer madness, but those who need it most will never be induced to try it. That remedy is to keep cool and remain cheerful. Cheerfulness is not a condition but a habit of the mind. It comes not by nature, but by practice. Any man can compass it after a sincere effort, so that even a confirmed dyspeptic may become a joy to himself and to his friends.

Seeing, and perceiving its results, it is a wonder to us that there are not more cheerful men in the world. Cheerfulness means happiness, and if happiness is to be secured by an apprentice-

ship, it lies within the reach of all. It ought to be an easy matter to purify the bilious mind, and it seems certain that there would be no discontent in the world if people could only bring themselves to take a large view of matters and things. Life is so short that the man who finds time to be unhappy is robbing himself of many precious hours that ought to be devoted to more important matters.

The motto for summer is, keep cool and don't fret; we may be happy yet, you bet!

Sensible Mrs. Corbett.

The wife of the Champion Corbett, who has just succeeded in getting a divorce, is a very sensible woman. Mrs. Corbett says that she makes allowances for the weaknesses of human nature, and she does not wonder that her husband's head was turned by the attention he received from women. She does not blame him for his occasional follies, but it was too much to stand when he took a woman with him on his travels and publicly passed her off as his wife.

This last injury and insult caused Mrs. Corbett to apply for a divorce, and as she is now free with alimony of \$100 a week during Corbett's life it is not strange that she should speak of him in very kindly and charitable terms.

She even expresses the hope that he will marry the other woman and be happy.

The little woman takes the right view of the matter. With an income of \$100 a week she can live very comfortably, and the fact that it comes out of Corbett's pocket will cause her to take a friendly interest in his health and welfare. If he is sick or otherwise unfortunate it will affect her. She will therefore enjoy her freedom and at the same time entertain no bitter feeling toward the gentle Samson who found a Delilah at every station. This is infinitely better than sulking through life and abusing a man who is paying such a pretty penny for his weaknesses.

After the syndicate, what?

Gold has again begun to go out. No doubt the syndicate will replace it; but at some time or other in the near future, the syndicate will have to retire. What will happen then?

How much salary does The Financial Chronicle think a cabinet officer ought to receive in order to enable him to neglect his official duties and go campaigning about the country?

It seems that the situation in Kentucky is not as promising as Editor Watterson thought it would be. In other words, the people have the golden politicians between the money devil and the deep blue sea.

We learn from the goldbug professors that until 1871 Germany was a barbarous country.

What remedy for the treasury situation do the gold monometallists offer? All should not answer at once. Please step to the front one at a time.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A New York letter has the following item: "There is a good deal of talk down this way about the Wanamakers. Young Wanamaker's recent display of wealth in Paris, where he gave a \$20,000 dinner in order to advertise the fatness of his purse and attract attention to himself as he paraded the boulevards, was a proper and logical outcome of his father's commercial success last year. I learn from excellent sources that John Wanamaker's profits from his big Philadelphia store reached the enormous sum of \$4,000,000 in the year 1894. Great as this sum is, the chances are the profits of 1895 will exceed it by one or two millions. Wanamaker was able to make this vast profit last year though his virtual monopoly of the retail business in Philadelphia. When the commercial depression forced factories and wholesalers to sell for what they could, Wanamaker's buyers were in the market with ready money eager for bargains. But when he came to pass the goods over to the people, the big merchant was in a position to get the best of the deal. He had plenty of 'bargain counters' and 'special drives' to make the people think they were getting the benefits of the fall in values, but on the bulk of his output he averaged larger profits than ever before. Most of the \$4,000,000 which Wanamaker made last year he has put safely away in real estate. He has given up trying to amass a fortune by speculation in Reading stocks and by organizing a telegraph company to buy out the Western Union and sell out to the government for postal telegraphy, and is confining his attentions almost entirely to his own establishment."

Says The Wilmington Messenger: "The people of North Carolina are too prone to look to the north for examples, for light, for encouragement and inspiration. If an article praising the south a little bit appears in a northern paper it will be copied into nearly every southern public print. If a southern book is praised that settles it. The north is the source of all our troubles, and of course the imitative south must do likewise. And so on without end. There is a want of self-confidence, of independent thinking, of belief in our own folks. A northern word of praise to the south happens to be invited to do a something 'up north,' then the chirping goes all around how great he is since he is so honored. We rely upon ourselves more, especially in politics."

Mrs. Cron Wright Schreiner, who wrote that remarkable "Story of an African Farm," is now thirty-three years old. Her husband is only twenty-nine, and adopted her name. Mrs. Schreiner has made other attempts in the field of fiction, but she has never been able to duplicate the fame she achieved with the story which she wrote at the age of seventeen or eighteen. She is the daughter of a German missionary who went to south Africa in the early settlement of the country. She was a Protestant when she turned Roman Catholic. Olive herself has all kinds of religion in her make-up.

Kate Chase contradicts the statement that enough money has been raised to save her estate near Washington. She will have to lose her property unless her father's friends come forward to aid her.

FROM THE FURROWS.

Marietta Journal: The future is bright for the level-headed American farmer. He may not get rich, but he will be prosperous; he can have plenty of peace. The ambition of the rich has ruined thousands, and the possession of riches thousands more. It is an unholly ambition, and its realization is of every element of true happiness. Be content with a competence, with plenty, with a virtuous life, a happy home, a loving wife, children who will honor their parents.

Lee County Enterprise: Who has been benefited by Georgia's enormous fruit crop, the fruit growers? No, the railroads and the commission men only. The fruit growers of Georgia should remedy this condition of affairs before next season, and in order to do so, they had better begin now.

Albany Herald: Let the fruit and melon growers of Georgia and the railroads get together. They can help each other, and each needs the help that should naturally come from the other.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

A Love Song.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way:
For heaven itself drew nigh.
Sweetheart!
I was as lone as the loneliest, love,
With never a dream of bliss;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way
And leaped to my arms—my kiss,
Sweetheart!
And leaped to my arms—my kiss!
And dear to my life is your love—your love,
And my soul has ceased to sigh:
For sorrow seems
Like an echo of dreams,
And the stars are in life's sky.
Sweetheart!
The stars are in life's sky!
—Frank L. Stanton.

A northern exchange says that the optimist "goes out of his way to find trouble to be merry over." Well, that's all right. As a rule the pessimist crosses the bridge ten minutes before he gets to it in order to find something to growl over. The world needs the optimist to drown the wallings of the other fellow.

Join in the Chorus.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter:
(Let us all sing!)
Some of these days all the burdens will be lighter:
(Ring the bells—ring!)
Some of these days all the world will be sunnier:
(Ring in each lake!)
Some of these days we'll have plenty of money:
(What'll you take?)

A New Domestic Scene.

"Was the baby unwell last night, John?" asked the New Woman, as she sipped her coffee.
"Yes, dear," replied her husband, as he sank wearily into a chair—far off.
"I thought I heard you walking with him," said the New Woman softly; and then, to encourage him, she said with feeling:
"Your biscuits are better this morning, John; I really think you are improving."
"No," sighed a grateful sigh, and wiped the happy tears from his eyes with the dry end of the table cloth.

The Billville Banner.

Our wife has borrowed the blacksmith's bellows and is trying to blow our baggy breeches into bloomers.

We have ceased to take corn and fodder on subscription. Our family rides a bicycle now, and it doesn't eat.

We are willing to accommodate a liberal quantity of exposition relatives who bring their grub and house rent with them. A correspondent wants to know our candid opinion of bicycles and bloomers for the female sex. Our only reply is: We continue to be married.

We have just received our commission as postmaster of the town of Billville. We've got a big free silver record behind us, but we ain't been feelin' well lately, and were lookin' mighty sallow!

In order to avoid the pangs of hunger during a dull summer we swallowed a light-wood nut last April, and we are now threatened with that dreadful disease—apendicitis.

Way of the World.

Some folks will be growlin'
When storm-winds are howlin';
They jest like to grumble an' sigh;
But I somehow content me
With all that is sent me,
For the good Lord's a-runnin' the sky!

What need of complainin'—
Because it is rainin'?
Why grieve when the weather is dry?
In spite of the weather
We'll get home together;
For the good Lord's a-runnin' the sky!

A Satisfactory Explanation.

"What does all this here talk about 16 to 1 mean?" asked an innocent old Newnan farmer, as he stood listening with a puzzled expression to a heated discussion of the silver question between two embury statesmen.

"It means that there are 16 silverites to 1 goldbug in this country, and more a-comin'." said the information in reply.

The old farmer appeared greatly relieved and his face lit up with a gleam of intelligence that was comforting to see.

A Literary Tragedy.

He rose at eight, light-hearted,
This poet long and lean;
Ate breakfast; shaved; then started
A southern magazine.

At nine that night he lectured
(He was a man of mouth)
On "Thoughts that Glow," and "What I Know"
"Bout Lit'rature Down South."

But when beneath the stars serene
He hid him to his bunk,
The spirit seized his magazine—
The boarding house his trunk!

Knew What Courts Were Made For.
A humorous scene was enacted in the superior courtroom at Jackson, Ga., recently. Just after sentence had been passed upon a negro charged with burglarizing a store, Colonel Watkins defended the negro, and was about to open his case with a well-prepared oration of his innocence, when the negro quietly informed the colonel that he desired to plead guilty.

Mr. Watkins then stated to the court words to the effect that the defendant desired to confess his guilt.

Judge Beck accordingly read the law in the case and stuck the negro for ten long years.

After sentence had been passed and quiet reigned supreme, the negro walked his eyes 'round and beckoned Colonel Watkins to come forward, and when the lawyer reached his side the negro gently whispered:

"Say, Mr. Watkins, kin't yer 'peal fer a new trial?"

The scene was quite ludicrous, and caused much laughter.

MR. SMITH'S CAMPAIGN.

Cleveland Progress: Judge Kinney was present when Hoke Smith spoke in Gainesville. He was one of "those thousands of gold bugs" who are going to carry Hall county with such a rush. Judge Kinney is an all-would and a yard wide silver man; but he is not a "sledge hammer" blow, did not convert him. And then Judge Kinney doesn't hold a government job and is not easily converted. Again, he is not made of the kind of stuff which is wishy-washy.

Calhoun County Courier: Secretary Hoke Smith's goldbug speeches are offered free of cost, with all "express charges prepaid," in plates, to the newspapers of the state by the pot metal dealers. "It would be interesting to know who foots the bill, though the small use of the plates indicates that the expense will be light."

Sparta Ishmaelite: Why should Hoke Smith try to deceive the masses with absurd humbug in the country side of Jackson county, on Tuesday next. He merely went out to Washington to shake Livingston off his trail.

West Georgia News: Strange, strange, how a Georgian can get his consent to conspire with eastern money kings for the

purpose of bringing disaster and ruin to his own people.

Lee County Enterprise: Secretary Hoke Smith has accomplished one thing, at least, by his Georgia campaign for "silver." He has added to his fame as a hopper.

Is the End in Sight?

From The New York Journal of Commerce. There must be somewhere a point at which the syndicate must withdraw its support from the treasury; so that it is a case of only a few months when the gold reserve must return to the condition of exposure from which it has been shielded since last February. This is a prospect that requires prompt deliberation and treatment. Inaction can only feed the anxiety which the outlook is beginning to generate. There are men whose functions, influence and responsibility put upon them the duty of providing against the possible misfortunes in some really courageous and effective way; and the country has a right to look to them for early action.

The only conceivable means of real and permanent remedy lies with the banks. No financial miracle within the ability of the most potent syndicate could accomplish the complete restoration of the gold reserve. The banks must return to the payment of customs duties in gold. Unless the government is to continue to borrow fifty to one hundred millions of gold a year there is no other means under the sun of saving the treasury except that all the banks ceasing to divert from the treasury its wonted gold income. The sooner the banks act upon this imperative necessity in their clearing house capacity, the sooner the financial horizon will be cleared of the clouds that again begin to appear upon it. Without their action, it is absolutely inevitable that there must be a renewal of borrowing within a few months after the close of the syndicate's functions; and what that means practical financiers at least do not need to be told.

There are those who imagine that, what the syndicate has done so much to restore confidence and to repair the machinery of business, "affairs may be safely left to run themselves." This is a very narrow-sighted mistake. With all its help, the syndicate has left the main thing undone. The real difficulty to be remedied lies in the inability of the treasury to get and to keep enough gold to maintain its reserve and preserve gold payment. There alone centers the disease. The syndicate has loaned the government enough gold to satisfy its wants for a few months; but it has done nothing towards either stopping the future export drain or bringing back to the government its wonted gold income through the banks in payment for customs duties. It follows, therefore, that the recovery of confidence and of business based upon a transient operation when withdrawn, will leave us where we were before last February; unless the banks, the only possible source of lasting remedy, come to the rescue by resuming gold payments to the government.

How The New South Stands.

Editor Constitution: The Macon Telegraph of July 30th purports to publish a correct list of answers to the question propounded to the editors of the Georgia papers. They claim to have received and classified correctly all the answers they received in response to the question, "Do you paper advocate the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at 16 to 1?"

I do not know how many answers they received favoring silver that they did not publish, but I know of one, that is the Ringgold New South. I replied to the question on July 25th, and the card was received by them on the same date, as shown by the postal card which was returned at my request. I sent them a self-addressed stamped envelope on July 25th. How many other replies of a similar nature failed to be classified I have no way of knowing. Further unfairness is shown by their claiming not to know how to classify six papers, yet when it comes to classifying these papers you will find that they are in the opposition column, in instance The Cherokee Advance. My reply to their question was:

"The Ringgold New South favors the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 of all the silver bullion mined within the boundaries of the United States."

W. THOX BANKSTON.
Ringgold, Ga., August 2, 1895.

CLEVELAND IN GEORGIA.

Cleveland Progress: Mr. G. Cleveland, well known in this country as the man who has so much influence as to easily change the present policy of the government, has just returned from a tour of his own opinions by visiting them government positions, will, it is said, soon write an announcement that he will decline a third term as president. We regret to see Mr. Cleveland declining this high position. He ought to wait a little while, possibly he could be persuaded to run again.

It would take another race to knock out of Grover's contest out of the field. The election he would be glad to retire to his farm for the remainder of his life. The American people are on to G. Cleveland's game. He is better off to let the people take care of him in another election.

Griffin News: Cleveland was probably pre-arranging his method of conducting the present campaign when he was elected as a great danger to this republic. "A horde of office holders with a real born benefit received and fostered by the board favors yet to come," but the expression stands pat just the same.

Lee County Enterprise: Should loyalty to the financial policy of the Cleveland administration intrude upon the test of democracy in Georgia, the editor of The Enterprise ceases to be a democrat right then and there. There is no power on this earth that can make us subservient to the will of Grover Cleveland and his gang of Jesuitical.

Cuthbert Liberal-Enterprise: President Cleveland, so say the dispatches, has just returned from a tour of his own opinions by visiting them government positions, will, it is said, soon write an announcement that he will decline a third term as president. We regret to see Mr. Cleveland declining this high position. He ought to wait a little while, possibly he could be persuaded to run again.

It would take another race to knock out of Grover's

WANTED-Salesmen.

SALESMEN—To sell safety watch, absolutely bullet proof, adjustable size pocket, also combination Match Safe and Cigar Cutter for stores; hands out one match, and only one, every time a cigar is cut off; both patents, patented; also several other new novelties that will interest you; write for samples and terms of both manufacturers, Co., Cincinnati, O.

EXPERIENCED salesman wanted to introduce new brand California champagne for particulars, W. A. Hancock, Co., San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—A good sewing machine salesman; state age, experience and references; P. O. Box 477, Atlanta.

HARVEST—To hustlers everywhere to handle the most desirable insurance ever offered, Address Bankers' Box 477, Atlanta.

SALESMEN—A snap for both you and customers. If you want a good thing, address Merchants Economy Company, 320 York street, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN—\$500 per month to good men to sell Arctic Ice machines for refrigerators; guaranteed 75 per cent cheaper than any other; write for terms, Arctic Ice Machine Co., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Experienced traveling salesman for Georgia to carry our jewelry samples on commission; may take as side line. S. B. & Co., 83 Marietta street, Atlanta.

SALESMAN WANTED—First-class retail shoe salesman. Address with reference, Shoes, care Constitution office.

SALESMEN WANTED—Honest, working men can earn good money selling our \$1 pants made to measure. We furnish large line of sizes. Write for particulars, Tractor Pants Company, 1417 1/2 Sun, Wed.

WANTED—Salesmen, agents or branch house managers; big money selling pants; order, suits and shoes; Hunter Tailor Co., Cincinnati, O.

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HELP WANTED-Female.

ALL LADIES having a few hours leisure each day should write me at once regard to pleasant home work which easily pays \$15 weekly. No deception, no evasion, and will certainly pay you to investigate. Reply with stamped envelope. Mrs. S. A. Stebbins, Lawrence, Mich.

WANTED—Experienced sales lady. Apply 45 Whitehall street.

WANTED—500 ladies and gentlemen to eat barbecue at Lakewood park, 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. (old waterworks); cars leave post office, Tractor line.

WANTED—A cook, white preferred; must come well recommended. Apply at 12 Baltimore place, opposite Baltimore block.

WANTED—500 ladies and gentlemen to eat barbecue at Lakewood park, 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. (old waterworks); cars leave post office, Tractor line.

WANTED—Two white cooks, 25 white girl waiters, 3 white landladies. Business exchange, 152 Marietta street.

WANTED—A first-class typewriter; no inexperienced person need apply; give your highest recommendation of work you can do, machine you use and salary expected; steady position; right office. Address: 1417 1/2 Sun, Wed.

WANTED—Three white laundry women, two white men, two nurses for private family. Apply 174 Peachtree street, Business Exchange.

WANTED—Twenty young ladies from ten years up to canvass their friends in the temperance cause; good pay and highly respectable. 108 Trinity avenue.

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WANTED-Agents.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE—Found at last, an inkstand that closes absolutely airtight every time the pen is removed. No leakage, no covers required, no evaporation; keeps ink fresh and clean; best thing for fountain pens; 50 cents each; send 25 cents for handsome nickel-plated stand, with ink, pen and ink; terms, canvases immediate; article speaks for itself; money refunded if dissatisfied. Ramsey & Belser, manufacturers, 75 York street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—General and special agents for live insurance company, in Georgia. Address Live Stock Insurance, 38 South Pryor street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell Nixon heat concentrators for gas, gasoline and oil stoves; saves one-half fuel. Address Diamond Novelty Manufacturing Company, 103 North Seventeenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS to sell tea to dealers, agents or ladies; no experience required. Send 2 cent stamp, Mikado Tea Co., Station 8, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company, department of Georgia, Florida and East Tennessee; excellent contracts and fine rates; 30 years' experience; good character and experience; satisfactory references required. Apply to R. H. Plant, manager, 1417 1/2 Sun, Wed.

AGENTS, male and female, wanted everywhere; lighting seller; absolutely new; no talking; profits immense. Abbott Mfg. Co., 1417 1/2 Sun, Wed.

WANTED—Solicitors—Sales agents in every section to sell our \$1 pants made to measure. Liberal commissions paid to good men. State trouble to learn how to measure. Terms on application. Faultless Custom Pants Co., 266-268 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.

RUBBER MILL, discharging travelers and appointing agents, seeks reputable pushing salesmen. One earned \$4,000 in 1894. Free catalog. P. O. 171, New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—New wall map U. S. and world, color, 1000 copies, beautiful colors; no experience needed; you cannot make money easier. Send \$5 for sample or write, Grant, McNally, Chicago, Ill.

WE DON'T WANT boys or loafers, but men of ability; \$500 to \$500 a month to push our goods. Send \$5 for sample or write, Grant, McNally, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—A reliable person as agent for Monroe Monthly in every town and city. Address with reference, Roderick R. Bailey, editor, Forsyth, Ga.

WANTED—Agents for our Asbestos Clay Cooking Ware; wages \$3 to \$1 a day. Pay every week. Central Supply Company, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Ladies agents, Hygeia Corsets are the best sellers. Big profits. Easy to sell. Catalogue and samples sent free. Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DICTIONARY of UNITED STATES history, 1000 pages, 1000 illustrations, 1000 facts in 30 calls; another 600 in one week. Send \$5 for sample or write, Puritan Publishing Company, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS make \$5 daily; marvelous invention; retail \$5; 2 to 6 sold in a house; sample mailed free. Forsee & Co., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Agents, canvassers, male or female; something new in ladies' shoes of great merit; big pay and exclusive sale territory. Address, W. H. Moore, 38 Union street, Lynn, Mass.

WANTED—A Virginia lady, an experienced and successful teacher, with high testimonials, desires position in private family; references furnished. Address, Miss Minor, Butler Glen, Caroline county, Virginia.

TEACHER—Refined, educated Virginia lady, with experience, desires position in private family; references furnished. Address, Miss Minor, Butler Glen, Caroline county, Virginia.

TWO VIRGINIA LADIES of experience desire positions to teach; one teaches Latin, French, German, the usual English branches, and the

FOR THE FARMERS

A Great Gathering of the Agriculturists
at Brunswick.

A SUPERB PROGRAMME PREPARED

A Number of Strong Speeches Will Be
Made and the Session Will Be an
Interesting One.

The full programme for the annual convention of the State Agricultural Society has been completed and made public. The convention is to be held at Brunswick August 13th, 14th and 15th. It promises to be the most interesting convention the association has held in years, judging by the many excellent features which the programme contains.

Some of the most prominent men in the state are booked for addresses on different topics. Among these who will add to the interest of the occasion are ex-Governor Northern, who will make a speech before the convention on the subject of "Immigration"; Colonel E. B. Stahlman, commissioner of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, who will talk on the subject, "The Relation of the Producers to the Common Carriers"; Dr. Harry C. White, of Athens, who will deliver an address on "Education"; Colonel S. D. Brwell, who will speak on "The Teacher-Farmer"; Hon. Albert H. Cox, who is booked for a general address to the convention.

Several subjects of great interest and importance to the farmers will be discussed by leading members of the convention. These subjects and those who will discuss them have been selected.

One of the interesting things that will be done at the meeting will be the election of officers. It is understood that President J. O. Waddell has declined re-election.

A much larger attendance than has been enrolled at any session of the association in years is expected. For quite a while interest in the Farmers' Alliance somewhat cut off that attendance at the convention, but this is changed. The convention is composed of the largest and most representative farmers in the state.

Here is the full programme as completed and made public by President J. O. Waddell:

11 o'clock Tuesday morning, August 13th, the convention will be called to order and constituted with prayer by Rev. I. W. Waddell, D.D., president of the North Georgia Agricultural college.

Address of welcome by Captain R. E. Park, of Macon.

Response by Dr. L. S. Lebetter, of Cedarhurst.

Perfect roll of members.

President's annual address.

Motion.

Adjournment for dinner.

2:30 p. m.—Fertilizers, by Professor J. B. Hunnicutt, of Athens.

Discussion.

"Improvement in Agricultural Implements"—Hon. J. Pope Brown, of Hawkinsville; Colonel R. E. Brwell, of Savannah; and Colonel George H. Jones, of Norcross.

General discussion.

"Selection of Seed"—Major G. M. Ryals, of Savannah; Colonel M. J. Hatcher, of Macon, and Mr. T. W. McAllister, of Lenoir.

General discussion.

Motion and new business.

3:30 p. m.—Experience meeting. Subject: "What's the Matter with the Farmer?" led by Colonel R. J. Redding. General free for all discussion.

8:30 a. m. Wednesday, August 14th—"Immigration," ex-Governor W. J. Northern, of Atlanta; Captain J. B. James, of Fort Valley, and Wyatt, of Brunswick. General discussion.

"To Prevent Emigration from Georgia," Hon. W. H. Peltier, of Marietta; J. G. McCall, of Quitman; T. L. Lyon, of Cartersville, and J. McBrayn, of Philomath. General discussion.

Address—Colonel J. S. Newman, of Edge-wood. Discussion.

Unfinished business, motions and reports.

2:30 p. m. Wednesday, August 14th—"The Teacher-Farmer," Colonel S. D. Brwell, of Athens. General discussion.

"The Early History of Cotton"—Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick.

Address—Hon. A. H. Cox, of Atlanta.

"The Relation of the Producers to the Common Carriers," address by Hon. E. B. Stahlman, of Atlanta. Discussion.

"Education"—Professor H. C. White, of Athens; Hon. Hamilton, of Rome; Captain R. E. Park, of Macon, and Mr. J. J. Sanders, of Penfield.

Election of officers.

Reports of committees.

Unfinished business and motions.

Selecting place for next meeting.

Adjournment.

Boat leaves Brunswick for Cumberland Island at 8 o'clock every morning.

Frank Admission.

From The Jesup, Ga., Sentinel.

We clip the following from an editorial in The Macon Telegraph:

"We do not approve of the act of 1873. We think it had much to do with compelling the demoralization of silver by the Latin Union a few years later."

General loss of silver as a primary money by the chief commercial nations of the world nothing but harm has resulted. This is equivalent to saying that the act of 1873 was a mistake in legislation—a mistake which, with its consequences, should be corrected as soon as possible."

For a gold standard paper we think the admission is a great deal, but The Telegraph has the reputation of being an honest and fair paper. Now, admitting all this to be true, we call upon The Telegraph to help restore silver to the place it had in law before the act of 1873. It says that act was a mistake and that it has done a great deal of harm and should be corrected as soon as possible. Now, why don't The Telegraph help correct it by trying to have the act repealed or other legislation enacted in the interest of silver coinage upon the same terms with gold, instead of doing all it can to hold things as they are and perpetuate the harm it admits has already been done?"

Life of us, see how The Telegraph can be consistent, after making the above admission, and continue in its antagonism to the coinage of silver on equal terms with gold, or, in other words, favor the present harmful and ruinous condition of the country as it now exists under the single gold standard.

Now, Brother Allen, work to repeal the law that has done so much harm and correct the evil, so far as you can, that has already been done. Don't try to continue this great wrong, but correct it.

A Uniondale, L. I., special says: "At Hempstead today began the trial of the famous libel suit of George N. Paff, the trustee of the village school, against C. E. Simons, its principal trustee. Paff, who had a daughter in the school, says that Principal Simons taught the girls of the school the art of high kicking. He charges that Mr. Simons pursued this art with such enthusiasm that at one lesson, in an effort to make a lofty kick, he tore his trousers. 'This is an outrage,' said Principal Simons when this matter was laid before him. 'I never tore my trousers. I wear too good trousers for that. Of course there was high kicking in the school. One of the girls named Mary used to go up to the city and I think she brought back high kicking and introduced it into our little school. One of the girls became quite proficient. Why, she can kick my hat off. Well, one day, when there was kicking going on, I took part, but I never taught anyone to kick, and I never tore my pants. I was never much of a kicker. Any boy in the school could outkick me.' Mr. Simons, who thus becomes one of the most unique and interesting among American educators, came to the Uniondale school from Troutburg, N. Y., with the best of references."

Have You

Rented all the furniture you need for the exposition? We make a specialty of renting the same. See us. R. S. Crutcher, 61 Peachtree.

INSURANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

After eighteen months spent in the work by the expert examiners of the New York Insurance Department, the report of the result of the examination of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has just been made public by Superintendent Pierce. It is one of the most important documents ever issued by the state insurance department of the condition and management of a great financial institution in the field of life insurance. Superintendent Pierce says:

"The examination relates to the condition of the company at the beginning of this calendar year. The date is coincident with that of the company's annual statement for 1894. The results of the official examination substantially coincide with the company's statement. The custom of the department, in such examinations, is not to depend upon the book entries, but directly to scrutinize the property, real and personal, which the books present as assets, to determine the liabilities according to the standard of the department, and to examine and investigate all the disbursements of the company."

"The company's holdings of real property consist of land and buildings erected for its own offices, and lands and buildings purchased under foreclosure of loans. The first class includes the principal building on Nassau, Cedar and Liberty streets, and the former principal office on Broadway and Liberty street, both in the city of New York; a building in Boston, one in Philadelphia, one in San Francisco and three of moderate cost in foreign countries, viz: one in Berlin, one in the City of Mexico and the third in Sydney, Australia. I have carefully investigated the value of each of these properties, with the aid of the best experts, and believe them all to have the value assigned to them on the company's books. I find no evidence of unwise expenditure upon either of these properties."

"In 1880 the company purchased from the United States the old postoffice building and erected upon its site the home office, about 157 feet front by 115 feet deep. The company has since made purchases of additional land adjoining its offices and large additions to its building. The land in the vicinity has steadily increased in value. The appraiser of the department has valued the entire property now held by the company as its principal building at a sum higher than that at which it is carried on the books. The building on Broadway, which was formerly the company's home office, is also valued by us at more than the company gives it credit for."

"In recent years the company made investments in the shares of certain financial institutions. These are among the best known of the strong financial institutions of New York, and the shares of each yield in dividends or additions to surplus a fair percentage on their cost. After examination I find that each of these purchases of stock has proved a good investment. In no case has the company credited itself upon its books or in its statements with the full market value of such stocks. Its estimate in each case is conservative, and is less by a considerable margin than the price of the stock in the open market. The same disposition to conservatism has prevailed in the company's valuation of all its stock and bonds. It is an evidence of judicious foresight in the company to carry all its stocks and bonds upon valuations which are not likely to prove too high even in case of panic."

"The item of cash on hand and on deposit and interest in bank and trust companies have been carefully examined, and the entries in the books of the company verified by a careful count of cash, and by an examination of the books of the depositories. The examiners have verified every item on the company's books, claiming a lien on real estate, and find that the loans thus secured and drawing interest amount to \$71,339,415.92, in exact accordance with the company's statement. A very large amount of time and labor has been employed by the department in examining the titles and appraising the values of the 5,700 pieces of property upon which these loans have been made. In this work the department has employed the highest skill it could command, and the results are satisfactory."

"The department has investigated the methods employed by the company in protecting its collections, balances and remittances, and in controlling its agency accounts and expenditures, and cordially approves the system under which there has been substantial exemption from loss ever since it was organized."

"While the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, has for many years offered the privilege of membership to healthy lives in all parts of the civilized world, it is within the limits of the United States that it is best known, and that its activity is greatest. The department has, nevertheless, deemed it essential to inquire minutely into the character of the foreign business. As the result of such inquiry I find that the company in all its foreign business has practically the same sound and conservative methods which have always characterized its business in the United States."

"There is nothing in the items of the company's statement to require special comment here, inasmuch as the only result of the examination has been to verify and conform the figures of each item as computed or estimated by the company itself. Without enlarging, therefore, upon the several entries, I refer to the tables of assets and liabilities, of income and expenditure, which are given below, remarking that a thorough examination of the expenses and charge-sheet accounts show no instance of any unlawful, illegitimate or improper expenditure, and that each several entry has been subjected to rigid and thorough scrutiny in all its details."

"I take great satisfaction in certifying, after a minute and laborious examination of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, that the company is solvent and strong, and is conducted in all respects in accordance with the law and sound business principles. In each instance in which no difference has been expressly pointed out in this report between the conclusions of the official examination and the statements already published by the company, each of those statements has been by that examination completely tested and proved accurate. No officer or employee of the company receives any emolument or perquisite other than the salary awarded to him by the board of trustees, and no trustee or officer of the company is permitted to receive or does receive any commission on loans, insurance or any other of its transactions. The assets December 31, 1894 were:

Real estate . . . \$2,065,000 00
Loans on mortgage . . . 71,339,415 92
Loans on bonds and stocks . . . 11,366,100 00
Bonds and stocks owned (market value) . . . 83,970,680 67
Cash in company's office . . . 10,526 83
Cash in bank . . . 9,664,862 52
Interest due and accrued . . . 1,069,940 53
Rents due and accrued . . . 95,535 92
Payments due on non-forfeited premiums . . . 23,969 35
Total . . . \$118,092,554 32
The liabilities at the same time were:

Reserve (actuarial) 4 per cent. . . \$179,802,862 00
Death claims unpaid . . . \$527,857 62
Matured endowments . . . 69,385 27
Unpaid . . . 58,215 53
Death losses retained . . . 374,300 00
Premiums paid in advance . . . 147,721 81
Liability under non-forfeited clause . . . 134,202 00
Total . . . \$180,092,554 32
Surplus . . . 21,618,132 13
Total . . . \$202,740,756 46

A rigid investigation is to be made by the new fire marshal of New York, Mr. Hollister, into the fire on Sunday morning at Nos. 28 and 30 West Twenty-third street, adjoining Stern Bros.' great dry goods warehouse, which caused a loss of \$200,000 on the stocks of Scharf & Co., toy goods dealers, and Jacquelin & Co., dealers in millinery trimmings, and of other occupants.

MONDAY'S REMEDIES CURE!

Save Doctor's Bills—Cure Yourself at Trifling Cost—Munyon's "Guide to Health," Free at All Drugists, Will Tell You How—Remedies Sold Mostly at ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS—A Single Bottle May Cure You—Small Doses, Pleasant to Take—Don't Fill Your System with Injurious Drugs—Munyon's Remedies Will Cure When Everything Else Fails.

RHEUMATISM positively cured. Acute or muscular Rheumatism relieved at once. Shooting pains in the arms, legs, side, back or anywhere in any part of the body cured in from one to three hours. Chronic Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago banished permanently. CATARRH, no matter how serious, Guaranteed Cure by only safe treatment. HEADACHE, from whatever cause, positively relieved in from three to seven minutes. KIDNEY troubles, Hay fever, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, always cured. DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, all Stomach Troubles, successfully treated. NERVOUS Diseases, NEURALGIA, all kinds of Nervous and Pathic Remedies. All drugists, for mostly 25 cents each. If you are in doubt as to your disease write to Professor MUNYON, 1555 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, giving full description of symptoms. He will diagnose your case and give you the benefit of his advice ABSOLUTELY FREE. Remedies sent to any address on receipt of price.

of the premises. The building, which was owned by Stern Bros., was damaged to the extent of \$200,000 by underwriters interested are of the opinion that the fire needs thorough investigation.

Dr. T. B. Delamar, Justice of the peace of Beaufort, N. C.; Medical Examiner Charles R. Hassell; Selden Delamar, an ex-mayor of the same place; Jacob C. Delamar, a general insurance agent; Rev. Stephen T. Turner, William H. Turner, David W. Parker, William Fisher, Albert Wigfall and Levi T. Noe, all of the same place, have been arrested for an alleged conspiracy to collect graveyard insurance from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life, of New York, the Northwestern Life Association of Minneapolis, Michigan Mutual of Detroit, Life Insurance Clearing Company of St. Paul, Minn., National Life Association of Hartford, Massachusetts Benefit Association of Boston, and Bay State Beneficial Association of Westfield, Mass. Many negroes were insured as white persons, and a number of aged people were insured without their knowledge, and their ages given at twenty, thirty and even forty years less than their present respective ages. The medical examiner was in collusion with a time of insurance brokers whose names are given among others. It is alleged that the swindling work has been going on for eight years, and has now been unearthed by an investigation recently started by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life of New York. The disclosures show that about \$50,000 of fraudulent insurance was written. Despite the disclosures the Turners, Samuel Williams, a beneficiary of one of the fraudulent policies, and Caroline Arthur have instituted eleven suits against the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association, National Life Association of Hartford, Life Insurance Clearing Company of St. Paul, Minn., and Reserve Fund Life Association of New York to recover \$25,000. All but three of these suits have been removed to the United States circuit court. The companies are defended by Colonel John W. Hinsdale, an insurance lawyer, at Raleigh, N. C. The criminal prosecution is also in his charge. Other warrants, it is said, for obtaining money by false pretenses and for forgery will be sworn out.

The National Life Underwriters' Association, which will hold its annual convention in Philadelphia in October, will be called on to make some important change in the method of disposing of subjects that come before the delegates. As by-laws now stand, all topics introduced are referred to the executive committee without discussion, and that committee reports concerning the expediency of action. The fact that the executive committee has in different cases suppressed the discussion of topics intended to effect important company reforms has caused the formation of a party in the convention favorable to the repeal of the by-law which enables the committee to dispose without discussion of such questions.

The directors of the American Fire Insurance Company of New York have formally authorized the increase of capital to \$400,000, at a rate which gives a total surplus of \$300,000. The meeting of the stockholders has been called for September 5th.

Under the insurance tax law of Missouri, which imposes a tax of 2 per cent on the gross amount of premiums received by insurance companies, the state will receive \$215,230.63 under the levy for 1895.

At a meeting of underwriters in New York interested in the loss by the fire in the Henry Seide fur store in Fourteenth street, July 4, 1894, called on the application of the committee on London and Globe and held at the rooms of the New York board of fire underwriters a few days ago, several of the adjusters were criticised severely, and a committee of principal companies was appointed to make a searching inquiry, and take action, if advisable, to recover the alleged over payment of the loss. It is claimed that the loss was settled for three or four times the actual damage. It is hinted that the actual jury will also take action in the matter.

The representatives of thirty-four fire insurance companies attended a meeting of the Texas Fire Underwriters' Association at Dallas last week, and adopted a resolution to disband in obedience to the anti-trust law passed by the last legislature.

Sub-Manager Jeffrey Beavan, of the Royal Fire Insurance Company, and E. F. Beddall, United States manager of the same company, are in Chicago.

President John A. McCall, of the New York Life, sailed for Europe a few days ago.

The name of the United States Fire Lloyds of New York has been changed to the Western Union Fire Lloyds.

Floyd J. Hadley, superintendent of the accident department of the Fidelity and Casualty Company, of New York, is dead. He represented Franklin county in the New York legislature for several terms.

Charles McLaren, manager of the Phoenix Fire of Hartford for the British Isles, is making a tour of the world. He was in Chicago last week.

H. T. Ambrose has been elected vice president of the People's Life Insurance Company of New York.

A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Second-hand Hotel Ranges cheap. Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Co.

READ CAREFULLY
And notice well
our
18 SPECIAL
BARGAINS

Miller Bros

46-48-50 WHITEHALL

PRICES GOOD
From "Early
Morn to Dewy
Even on a Sum-
mer's Day."

To show our appreciation of the liberal patronage of the people of Atlanta and vicinity, we will give to close the season the most liberal prices on desirable goods ever offered. Call early, as some of the goods are limited in quantity.

Bargain of the hour. \$1.00 Silk Warp Henrietta 50c. 2 pieces of best grade genuine silk warp black Henrietta, as long as it lasts.....	50c	10c Percales 5c. 22 pieces of yard wide Percales in small figures.....	5c	35c White Aprons 16c. 30 dozen White Lawn Aprons in tucks hem-stitched, satin stripe and lace edge.....	16c
Bargain of the century. 15c Cotton Henrietta 5c. 10 piece assorted plaid and striped cotton Henrietta.....	5c	Something to buy. 10c Checked Chambray 6 1-2c. 25 pieces Manchester check Chambray, blue, brown and gray.....	6 1/2c	A thing of beauty. \$1.25 Night Robes 89c. Ladies' Muslin Night Robes, tucked and trim'd with lace and embroidery	89c
Bargain of the year. 50c Novelty Suitings 21c. 10 pieces all wool Novelty Suitings in plain and fancy.....	21c	Something for Boys' and Girls' Waists and Dresses. 5c Shirting Prints 3c. 50 pieces American Shirting Prints, light grounds, small figures.....	3c	A dream of beauty. 85c Muslin Skirts 59c. Ladies' Muslin Underskirts trimmed with lace and embroidery, elaborately tucked.....	59c
Bargain of the month. 5c Cotton Challie 1 1-2c. 25 pieces of Cotton Challie in fancy figures, 10 yards to a customer.....	1 1/2c	Something interesting. 10c Pillow Casing 6 1-4c. 9 pieces 5-4 bleached Pillow Casing, free from dress-ings, extra heavy.....	6 1/4c	A vision of beauty. \$1.00 Negligee Shirts 63c. 10 dozen Gents' Madras Cloth Negligee Shirts, beautiful light stripe designs.....	63c
Bargain of the week. 25c Black Lawns 10c. 10 pieces of Black Satin Striped Lawn in assorted colors.....	10c	Something worth coming early for. 12 1-2c Striped Lawn 6 1-4c. 20 pieces white striped Lawn, elegant goods, beautiful patterns.....	6 1/4c	A Tickler. 50c Colored Shirts 33c. 13 dozen Gents' Colored Laundered Shirts, Percale, slightly soiled.....	33c
Bargain of the day. 25c Colored Brillantine 10c. 9 pieces Striped Brillantine in latest colorings, full 42 inches wide.....	10c	Something very desirable. 15c Dotted Swiss 10c. 10 pieces Dotted Swiss, 27 inches wide, small and large dots.....	10c	A Record Breaker. 15c Standing Collar 5c. 100 dozen Gents' 4-ply Linen Standing Collars, all sizes, desirable shapes.....	5c
Domestics. Yard wide black 4 1/2c. Lonsdale 4-4, black, 6 1/2c. 10-4 Bleach Sheet, 12 1/2c. 10-4 Unbleached Sheet, 11 1/2c. Yard wide 8 1/2c. Island, 5c. Bleached Drilling, 8 1/2c. A. C. A. Feather Ticking, 12 1/2c. Checked Home-spun, 4c.		Something for Curtains.		A Hummer.	

Shoes. Shoes. Shoes.

Our stock must be reduced. Do not fail to look through our Shoe Department, as you will surely be repaid.

\$1.25 Kid Gloves, 49c. Ladies' Kid Gloves in black and colors, small sizes, 5 1/2 and 5 3/4, worth \$1.25.	25c and 50c Tooth Brushes, 10c and 25c. Tooth Brushes in endless variety; best English brushes from Fair stock; worth 25c and 50c.	\$2.00 Table Napkins, \$1.25. Extra fine heavy linen Table Napkins; full dinner size; a beauty; worth \$2.
At 49c. 35c Black Silk Mitts, 19c. Ladies' black silk Mitts, good quality, to close; worth 35c.	At 10c and 25c. 25c Side Combs, 10c. Side Combs with silver and gilt tops; new shapes; worth 25c.	At \$1.25. 75c Linen Glass Towels, 50c. 25 dozen all linen glass towels, in red and blue; check good size; worth 75c.
At 10c. 50c Black Silk Gloves, 23c. Ladies' extra quality black, all silk, Gloves; just the thing for the season; worth 50c.	At 10c. 15c and 25c Fancy Hair Pins 10c and 25c. Fancy shell Hairpins, assorted; designs very stylish; worth 15c and 25c.	At 50c per dozen. 65c Table Damask, 40c. Extra heavy all linen Loom Damask; nice patterns; 64 inches wide; worth 50c.
At 23c. \$2.50 Empire Fans, \$1.49. Best quality long stick, empire silk Fans; beautiful colorings; the latest fad; worth \$2.50.	At 10c and 15c. 25c Knitting Silk, 10c. Knitting Silk on spools, all shades and combinations of shades; worth 25c.	At 40c. 35c Table Damask, 23c. Bleached Table Damask in assorted patterns; 60 inches wide; worth 35c.
At \$1.49. 10c Gents' Handkerchiefs, 5c. Gents' white hemstitched and corded Handkerchiefs, large size; worth investigating; sold for 10c.	At 10c. 25c Vaseline Jelly, 8c. Vaseline jelly; large size jars; best quality; sold elsewhere 25c.	At 23c. \$1.25 White Spreads, 85c. White marseilles pattern Spreads; full 11-4; worth \$1.25.
At 5c. 25c Gents' Handkerchiefs, 12 1-2c. Gents' all linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, full size, from bankrupt stock; worth 25c.	At 8c. \$1.00 Shirt Waists, 49c. 20 dozen ladies' percale Shirt Waists in all colors and stripes; latest style sleeves; laundered; rolling collars and cuffs; worth \$1.	At 85c. 95c White Spreads, 65c. White spreads, full 10-4, beautiful assortment patterns; worth 95c.
At 12 1-2c. 10c Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 4c. Ladies' colored border, white and embroidered initial Handkerchiefs; large assortment; elegant design; worth 10c and 12 1/2c.	At 49c. \$1.50 Shirt Waists, 75c. Ladies' best percale Shirt Waists in stripes, figures and solids, pink, blue and tan; worth \$1.50.	Special 65c. \$2.50 Marseilles Spreads, \$1.50. Extra heavy Marseilles Spreads, very handsome; 25 only at this price; worth \$2.50.
At 4c. 25c Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 10c. 50 dozen ladies' Handkerchiefs in hemstitch, embroidery and lace edge; sorted; bought at auction; worth from 15c to 25c.	At 75c. \$2.00 Silk Umbrellas, \$1.25. Silk Gloria Umbrellas, with assorted German waxes and congo handles, Paragon frame; worth \$2.	At \$1.50. "Be sure and call for the White Stripe Lawns, as we will show the handsomest goods for the price ever offered at this special sale."
At 10c. 25c Wide Velvet Binding, 14c. Extra wide black velvet Skirt Binding; sold for 25c.	Special \$1.25. 40c Damask Towels, 25c. Satin Damask Towels, in all white or colored borders, 12x24; the best bargain in town; worth 40c.	Our stock of Gents' Furnishings must be sold as we will change this department soon.
At 14c. 15c Finishing Braid, 9c. Finishing Braid in twenty new patterns, white, red, blue and black; the latest; worth 15c.	At 25c. 25c All Linen Towels, 12 1-2c. All linen Towels in huck and damask, hemstitched; also in plain hemmed; worth 25c.	
At 9c. 5c Novelty Braid, 3c. Novelty Braid in assorted patterns; nice for trimming underwear; worth 5c.	At 12 1-2c.	

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30 PAGES

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

PART 3.

21 TO 30.

VOL. XXVIII

ATLANTA, GA. SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!

OVERLOADED--that's the plain English of it. By careful count we find we still have 1,800 more Suits than we must enter upon August with. There's no use shutting our eyes to the cold facts. There's no business-like excuse for longer delaying the inevitable. We're at the "bridge" and may as well cross it first as last. The quicker begun, the quicker done. Ambition, Profit, Cost--everything shall be laid low in subservience to this all-important task of lightening the load--lowering the stock. We're going about this merciless, moneyless undertaking systematically. We're practically turning our Clothing Department over to you. Everybody shall have a chance. THE RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Men's Spring and Summer

Men's Spring and Summer

\$5.00

SUITS

Men's nicely made Suits, in blacks, browns, grays and mixtures, well sewed, lined and trimmed, perfect fitting. Nothing their equal under \$10.00.

"Globe's" price.....\$5.00

\$6.50

Men's fine all-wool Suits, extra quality Thibets, Mixtures and Cheviots, the very newest shapes in Sacks, Cutaways and Frocks. Nothing their equal under \$12.50.

"Globe's" price.....\$6.50

\$7.50

Men's fine all-wool Suits, Clays, Thibets and Scotches, cut in the latest styles of Cutaways, Frocks and Sacks, nicely trimmed. Nothing their equal under \$15.00.

"Globe's" price.....\$7.50



SUITS

\$10.00 For Men's latest Spring styles of Frocks, Cutaways or Sacks, comprising Serges, Twills, Bannockburns and Cassimeres. Made and trimmed in the best manner possible.

Nothing their equal under \$20.00.

\$12.00 For Men's finest imported Cassimere Suits, also Clays, fancy Worsteds and Serges, Cutaways, Frocks and Sacks, elegantly made and trimmed.

Nothing their equal under \$22.50.

\$15.00 For Men's elegant Suits, unapproachable in either material, design, fit or finish, English Worsteds, Clays, fine Serges and Diagonals.

Nothing their equal under \$25.00.

\$10

\$12

\$15

Want a HAT?

Better not buy till you see the biggest Hat stock in Atlanta.

SOFT HATS.

FEDORA HATS.

DERBY HATS.

STRAW HATS.

At prices which are just simply unmatchable anywhere you may go.

LADIES' NECKWEAR

For Shirt Waists just received, and the latest Summer styles in Ladies' Teck and Four-in-Hand Scarfs, extra long, to be tucked in belts; also Band and Shield Bows and Windsor Ties, in all colors, regular 50c quality. 35c

SILK. HANDKERCHIEFS.

Men's good quality hemstitched Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, our price. 25c

100 dozen Men's Working Shirts, regular 50c qualities, marked for tomorrow. 25c

WE MEAN TO WIN YOUR TRADE BY DESERVING IT.



THE EARLY BIRD

Always gets the first choice, so don't wait until all the best patterns in those handsome Ties are all gone, but come at once and look them over. They are only 25c--fine imported French novelties--and while you're here ask to see the lines of German Marco Hosiery in blacks, tans and unbleached that are selling at two pairs for 25c. You will find that one pair of those Hose

BEATS TWO PAIR

Of the kind you generally pay 15c or 20c for. Also ask to see our 50c Standard unlaundered Shirts, with double fronts and backs and linen bosoms and bands. You might also take a look at the new line of Balbriggan Underwear we are selling at 25c a garment. You will find it pays to look for us.

WE'RE SELLING

Choice of our "Monarch" Negligee Shirts, the \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00 kind, at

98c.

100 dozen Men's half laundered Negligee Shirts--Cheviots, Madras Cloths and Oxfords, beautiful patterns, perfect in make and it; special

48c.

Men's regular 25c fast black and brown Half-hose, spliced heels and toes, full fashioned and seamless,

10c.

Our City Delivery.



All packages, whether they be large or small, will be delivered to any address. Three large wagons always ready to get your bundles home on short notice. Last delivery is at 6 o'clock p. m. Always give the correct street number.



OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.....

We make a specialty of Mail-Order business, sending goods to all parts of the country. We guarantee all goods to be exactly as represented or refund the money. This feature of our business secures and retains the confidence of a vast patronage who have found it a pleasure to deal with a house whose reliability is assured and where orders are promptly filled. Samples of Suits and Pants or price list of Shoes sent to any address.



A Visit to the Old Home at Fort Hill ~~~~~ By P. J. Moran.

around were in existence, and the journey to Washington and back had to be made either in stagecoach or on horseback. But even before the day of Mr. Calhoun this house had an existence. It was here that a fair young face attracted the notice of the young man who was destined to be for forty years a ruling spirit in the republic, and when marriage followed this remained their home.

"And sure enough," said the narrator of the story, "on the day that the corner stone of Clemson college was laid, the two boys, now grown men and prosperous, in the presence of their mother and sister, related to their mother to be interred amid the pines she had loved so well."

Mr. and Mrs. Clemson lived a retired life in the Fort Hill home. They kept a few pets, and the young owners had left feeling great interest in its preservation. To the relics of Mr. Calhoun were added a large number collected by Mr. Clemson, and the walls of the home were hung with paintings of rare value. As the people grew old they kept more exclusively themselves, their only living child, a daughter, having married a Mr. Lee, of the city of Portland, Me.

After the death of the Fort Hill residents, leaving a young daughter, who remained in charge of her father. It was the general impression that Mr. Clemson was a kind, poor, weak, and timid man, who left private instructions with a business man of Pennington to extend all necessary credit to the old man if he should need it. Mrs. Clemson died first.

And now there stands upon these grand buildings which will perpetuate the name of Mr. Calhoun more effectively than any other has had in other years. By the terms of Mr. Clemson's will the Calhoun residence is to be kept intact, with all the papers, furniture and effects by which the memory of the people of South Carolina forever the visitor will find in charge of the house Mr. John F. Calhoun, the oldest son of the late John C. Calhoun, who has the most intimate relationship with his distinguished relative.

In the rear of the mansion stands the old Calhoun place, and among its most interesting relics today is the original rough draft of the ordinance of nullification, passed by a duly called convention of the South Carolina people. It is as at the time known that nullification as the special policy of John C. Calhoun, serving his second term as vice president of the United States, and discarding the original interlined draft of that ordinance, Mr. Calhoun's own handwriting, shows

A Family of the Revolution.
Here amid the musty records of a hundred years may be read the story of a family which illustrates the political evolution of the formative state of our great public. Thrown around confusedly on benches, on chairs and in trunks are manuscripts yellow with age, preserving the secular handwriting of our great grandfathers. Here may be seen the bold signature of Andrew Jackson, the daintily

drawn names of James Monroe, together with the varied signatures of President Mirabeau Lamar, of the republic of Texas; Governor Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia; Jefferson Davis, of Arkansas; General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia; and other names epochal in history, but probably of more interest because found at the fountain-head are manuscripts written by the forefathers of the people, who, in the wilderness to civilization and from whom distinguished descendants inherited those sterling qualities which fitted them to be the first of the great statesmen and the best of these families was that of Calhoun, which gave to South Carolina one of her first senators and later on the one whose name must live in history as the greatest of the states that ever lived. Some stray leaves out of an old memorandum book kept by the Pat Calhoun who lived in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which illustrates the story of a family tree which reads the exactness of a man who had gone through the war of the revolution.

The first entry reads: "James Calhoun, son of John Caldwell, was married on the evening of the 26th day of January, 1772. It is fair to presume that the young man was among those who saw in the English rule, and in the years that followed the wife had to keep guard at home while her husband followed in the ranks of the patriots who were fighting for the cause of Boston is the cause of all."

The cause that rolled on told of an ever increasing family. The first entry is that of Rebecca, "born at 4 o'clock in the morning." Then comes Catherine, "born at 7 o'clock in the morning." Next is recorded "William, in the morning." This is followed by "A son" (who died shortly after) "at one-quarter of an hour after 1 o'clock in the morning." The next was "James, born at 4 o'clock in the afternoon." The last of the 7 children to be with our story was "Mary, born at 1 o'clock in the morning."

"March 18, 1782, John Caldwell Calhoun was born, Monday night about midnight."

Catching up the life of John C. Calhoun as it is read from these papers, we next find him a member of the South Carolina legislature. He wrote in 1806, at the age of twenty-four, to the mother of his affianced wife, in the courtly and formal style of the period. Years elapsed and a letter which might the last night of his home with her, "dear mother," says "my dearest Florida," indicates that he has been elected to congress and having left his wife at her ancestral home he writes: "I dreamed all night the last night of my home with you, and I was so sad, so sad, so sad, and regretted when I awoke to find it a dream. I was in hopes that this morning's mail would bring me a letter from you, but was disappointed. I learned by a letter from you that you were all well." The signature to this letter reads: "I am, with affection, your husband, John C. Calhoun."

Although Mr. Calhoun afterwards lived forty years to the post, as secretary of war under the presidency of James Monroe, there is no record in the papers to be found here until the 11th of February, 1823, on which date appears the certificate of the appointment of Calhoun to the vice presidency of the United States.

To undertake to narrate the history which leads up to this date would be to tell the whole political course of the country, and I have not space for more than a few sentences. When seven years before the congress of the United States, we were on the verge of war with England, That country having been compelled to recognize the Internal Independence of the United States seemed determined to belittle the new government by sending a flag with the British ensign, who would bend American policy to English desires. Mr. Calhoun, although a new member in congress was placed second upon the committee of foreign relations, in which he became the foremost advocate for war with Great Britain. He was so successful that Great Britain rendered him invincible. In that speech, he made upon that occasion which gave him the hold upon the minds of the people that rendered him invincible. In that speech it is found here, he fought the idea that we were dependent upon Great Britain for our commercial dependency of Great Britain. "Our rights," said he, "are vitally attacked, the only alternative is war or degradation, I hope the decision is made already by a higher authority than the voice of any man, and I am sure it will be made by the sense of independence and honor: This is the work of nature—a generous nature which disdains submission to wrongs."

the Front of American Statesmen.

The successful termination of that war was the first great triumph of the statesmen abroad as it already had been at home and to Mr. Calhoun is justly due the credit of having made effective the work of the men of 1776. It was in recognition of this that the people of the United States this young man was esteemed as all the people as the one qualified for the office of secretary of war, which placed him in charge of the military arm of the country. He was elected under Monroe's two terms, when he was placed on the ticket for the vice presidency, with Andrew Jackson the candidate for the presidency. The failure of Jackson to secure the majority of the vote, although he had a large plurality, there was no election of president by the people, and John Quincy Adams, the minority candidate, was elected by the electoral college. Mr. Calhoun, however, was elected to the vice presidency by the people and took his seat as the presiding officer of the United States senate. In the election of 1828, four years later, when Andrew Jackson became president and Mr. Calhoun was elected to his second term in the vice presidency. About this period the great controversy between the two men began. Mr. Calhoun, surrounded though he was by men whose names shine in American history, was regarded as the foremost man of the day. He commanded the public heart. He was the one man who was listened to with the respect of the people and he was justly regarded as the uncrowned tribune of the people. That he should succumb to the intrigues of a man who was considered the foremost of the nation in the exercise of their deliberate judgment, but Mr. Calhoun could never be brought down to the level of a common politician. He never sold his faith for favor and he never served of the people he spoke his own convictions, regardless of the prestige of him or his friends in public life. His strong, sturdy will was unflinching against the importance which President Jackson attached to himself, who was the stalwart and earnest champion of the Union. He was elected to the office of vice president by the people of New York. That Jackson could have so turned is but another evidence of how great men are oftentimes deceived by the power of numbers. One of the methods by which Vice President Calhoun misled the mind of the president against the vice president concerned an eminent Georgia man, William Crawford, who had himself been voted the presidency. The story was told to President Jackson that during the administration of President Monroe, while Calhoun was in the office of secretary of war, he had been the friend of Jackson. It seems that during

the Florida-Seminole war. General Jackson had crossed the Spanish line; that the Spanish government had demanded redress from the American government; that the matter was under consideration by President Monroe's cabinet; that there was great division of opinion among the cabinet; that Spanish claim should be met; that Secretary of War Calhoun suggested that they wait out would be to place the offending general under arrest. It was some years after this that the story of the Seminole war, the story, visited Crawford, Georgia, and presumably wound this same secret out of him. By indirection, as Calhoun always believed, Van Buren brought the story to the attention of President Jackson, and thus closed his enmity toward the vice president.

Upon this question there has been a great deal written, the friends of Calhoun and Crawford often exhibiting great bitterness in their treatment of the matter.

A Social Disturbance.

But this was not the only cause of trouble between the president and Mr. Calhoun. The story of Peggy O'Neill, as she was familiarly called, is an illustration



F. B. B. 1884

of how a weak woman may upset the government of a nation. Peggy was the daughter of a Washington city boarding house keeper, and she was the most attractive part of the establishment. This boarding house was the resort of congressmen, senators and of officers of the army and navy. Subsequently Peggy thought that it would look better for her to be married, and accordingly she roped in an officer named Timberlake. The new made husband soon had about as much of life as he wanted, and he conveniently left his wife a widow.

Arrayed in her charming weeds Mrs. Timberlake soon returned to Washington where she met General Eaton, secretary of war in President Jackson's cabinet, whose name she availed herself of as soon as it appeared to be performed. When Vice President Calhoun and wife reached Washington for the session of congress, among Mrs. Calhoun's first callers was the charming Peggy O'Neill. Mrs. Calhoun was told that she had laid the whole subject before her husband and to whether the call should be returned. The Vice President at once saw the political complications which would grow out of the incident, and agreed to one thing: that his wife could not call upon Mrs. Eaton.

"I regard," said he, "the censorship of the press as paramount in matters of society."
He was anticipated. President Jackson made the cause of Mrs. Eaton his own. He himself had married a woman for whom he had secured a divorce from her husband. He had been married to her for a year and present could afford to call on Mrs. Eaton and thus warm closer into the president's affections. President Jackson held that the attempt to attack the wife of a member of society. Mr. Calhoun took the position that government officers were but strangers and visitors in the city of Washington; that the people of the city of Washington were not bound to support the wives of government officers had no right to upset such regulations; that as Mrs. Eaton was not recognized by Washington society, she had no right to appear in society, putting her out of a place where she had never been. This incident injected a bitterness into social relationship which continued as long as Jackson remained in the White House. When Andrew Jackson's married Van Buren succeeded in getting control of the machinery by which he obtained the succession to Jackson and Mr. Calhoun was effectively sidetracked for the present.

The Nullification Era.

While this scheming society intrigue was going on there were great developments in the politics of the country. Mr. Calhoun was a statesman and a public career, had been an advocate for a protective tariff. This advocacy grew out of events following the war of 1812. The great effort of England before the war had been to drive the United States a mere commercial dependency of that country. Mr. Calhoun clearly saw the necessity of encouraging manufactures so that this country could be self-sufficient and free of any domination under the sun. In time this protective tariff, framed for the encouragement of American manufactures, became freighted down with jobs and schemes to enrich people already wealthy at the expense of the poor. In other words, from being a protective tariff for the honest encouragement of legitimate business development, it had become a national grab bag, where designers and lobbyists could come and take what they pleased. It also changed and the country, which was weak in 1812, had become strong and self-reliant in 1830, and there was no longer a need for the extraordinary favors shown to the cotton and sugar planters. Tariff protection had become sectional, and the mill men of New England were made rich at the expense of the planters of the

of this had grown a bitter controversy, in which the holders of special privileges held on to their advantages and called for more, and in which the people of the south, led by John C. Calhoun, were determined to maintain the position of the country for the benefit of others. The tariff act of 1828 was the culmination which brought on the great era of nullification.

In the discussion of this question brought about as great excitement as did the events leading to the late war. Vice President Calhoun discouraged secession as being provocative of great evils. There was a feeling that the tariff act should be repealed, constitutional, which, while preserving the union, would protect the states from encroachments by federal powers. The remonstrance of the states against the tariff act of November, 1832, in the state of South Carolina, assembled the convention and passed an ordinance, written by the vice president, declaring the tariff acts unconstitutional and void within the limits of the state and of no effect upon officers or citizens.

This was followed by the remarkable declaration of President Jackson, in which he declared the nullification an attempt to dissolve the union and threatened the pains of treason upon those who would obey it.

Benjamin Franklin Wadsworth
H. H. May will be inspiring.

president's vice president in direct and unadorned nationalism, excitement had reached its highest point. To meet the action of President Jackson, the people of South Carolina felt that the proper place for Mr. Calhoun was on the floor of the senate where he could be heard and seen, and not in the chair, where he could speak no word. To accomplish their purpose, Senator Hayne resigned his seat in the senate, and Mr. Calhoun resigned his office, whereupon the very next day he was appointed senator, and stepping from the chair to the floor he began a battle in which he defeated not only the president, but the very Congress of the United States which had passed the bill to remove South Carolina into submission to the new tariff acts. Speaking of this era it cannot better be described than in the words of the orator, "It was the era of the overthrowing of the monuments." Calhoun said, "To my mind," said the orator, "there is nothing connected with Mr. Calhoun's life so fraught with touching pathos, so charged with grandeur, as the grand soul of the man, as the isolation of the man, as the man in his place in the United States senate. He saw all the popularity which marked the

A black and white woodcut illustration. In the foreground, a large, dark, leafy tree with a thick trunk stands prominently, its branches spreading across the upper half of the frame. Behind the tree, a two-story building is visible. The building has a porch on the left side and a window on the right with dark shutters. The ground is covered in dense, dark foliage and what appears to be a path or clearing. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations, with fine lines and cross-hatching for shading.

FORT HILL.
The Home of John C. Calhoun.

early part of his career receding from him. He saw a majority of all his old political associates and friends in the senate now arrayed in hostile array against him, and his old political enemies in perfect unanimity allied with the opposition. He saw the friends of the north. Not one sister state from any part of the union stood by South Carolina in this final conflict. Both houses of congress with the president of the United States, and the great President Andrew Jackson, combined together in a common front to oppose and force his state into submission to the law which she had nullified. Never a contest, to all seeming, was so unequal, so hopeless, but he quailed not. Strong in his own conviction of the justice of his cause, self-possessed in the face of his manyfold enemies, nothing rashly and yet nothing timid, doubtfully, ready to sacrifice himself for the right which his state had intrusted to his defense, this noble, brave man, on whose brow I had set the seal of truth, whose eye beamed with the devotion which fired his soul—courage, manliness, sincerity, truth in every tone and look—greatness in every lineament of his countenance—stood alone and prevailed. Yes, he stood alone, and yet not alone when called, was closed by the compromise act which repealed the law which his state had

A black and white engraving of John C. Calhoun. He is shown from the chest up, facing slightly to the left. He has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark coat with a large, light-colored fur collar over a white shirt and a dark cravat. The engraving style uses fine lines and cross-hatching for shading.

early Life, from an Original Portrait.

nurried. The very congress which passed the force bill to coerce South Carolina into submission to the tariff of 1828 and 1832, at the South of the country, asserted the laws, and Andrew Jackson, the man of iron will and pitiless purpose, in the face of his proclamation, signed the act which swept from the statute book the enactment which the South of the country asserted sovereignty had declared unconstitutional null and void, and inoperative in her limits."

The Van Buren Policy.

But while Calhoun was thus great victory and proved himself equal to meet the united opposition of Clay, Webster, Benton and Calhoun, his was the victory of mind. It was the victory of the unscrupulous and corrupt methods of a man like Van Buren to win victory through mere machine politics.

Among the old letters here which were sent to Mr. Calhoun by friends from all parts of the country, and which were written in betraying in politics, of bartering principle for place and of desertion of friends and associates—letters from Albany speak much as if they were written now, and those from New York city might have been written within the last month. While the spoils went to place hunters in Washington, Mr. Calhoun returned to the quiet of his Fort Hill home.

Another Call to Duty.

Nothing could be more natural than to find upon the lips of the American people the name of Calhoun than that of twenty-seven years after having taken his first seat in the cabinet he should have been called to it again in 1834, during a period of great national importance. The United States was then coming from Mexico and was struggling to maintain an existence against her old enemy, who was prompted by British diplomacy to keep the new republic in a condition of unrest. The cabinet was divided into two courses open, either to protect the republic of Texas or, accepting overtures already made, annex that country to the United States. In either event war was inevitable. The other side of the coin was Oregon, the Oregon bounty. The enemy in that case was Great Britain. With war to the north and war to the south it was no wonder that the people of 1832 stand at the front at this crucial moment. Since that time Mr. Calhoun had been secretary of war twice, vice president twice, called to the senate and in 1832 president. It was not surprising that when present upon him to lead a cause unpopular in most of the states, to antagonize presidents, cabinets and congresses and yet to conquer, his master mind triumphed, and his power from the people was more than was dearer to the people in 1834 than he was on that eventful day in 1812 when he secured American independence at the battle of New Orleans.

erty the return of Mr. Calhoun to the cabinet under the presidency of John Tyler, we would have to imagine the possibility of Jefferson Davis being called into the office of secretary of state under President Grant.

But just preceding the event about which we have just been talking, an incident occurred which probably has not its parallel in the history of politics.

The relationship between the slave states and the free states had been growing more and more strained. Each succeeding session of congress witnessed angry debates, and it was evident that cool heads were required to avoid a civil war which would involve the whole country. Mr. Calhoun was in retirement. George McDuffie and Daniel H. Huger represented South Carolina in the United States senate. The incident cannot be better told than in reproducing from the original manuscripts the correspondence indicated.

Mr. Calhoun wrote to Mr. Calhoun

senator, and a
Washington, 22 February, 1844.—My Dear
Sir: Our friend, Judge Ifuger, as he will in-
form you by a letter which will go by the
mail which carries this, has come to a
very decided conclusion in his own mind
that the political circumstances of the
country are such as demand your service

In the senate. Prompted, therefore, by the perfect self-devotion to South Carolina and the whole country which has so prominently distinguished his course, he proposes to resign his seat immediately if you will consent to take his place. He entertains no doubt that the governor would appoint you as a matter of course, because of your acceptance, and considers it your duty not to withhold your services in the existing crisis of the country. He is aware that some of all the slave-holding states on two great and vital questions. At his request I shall be glad to furnish you with some information on the subject, and I shall expect an answer from him by the time yours may be received. I am confident that Judge Huger would feel it his duty to consent to be assured that such an arrangement would be agreeable to you. Permit me then to suggest that you should feel free to say that if Judge Huger is determined to resign and the governor should tender you the appointment it would not be declined.

“G. V. McDUFFIE.”

Thus wrote Senator Huger:

“Washington, February 22, 1844.—To J. Calhoun, Esq., Secretary of State. I have no doubt, of the march of events here. The spirit of abolition has become rabid. No compromise will satisfy the passions of the United States must be sacrificed to its fury. Sectional interests are encroaching more

facturing interest will not be satisfied with less than all it can exact from the people. The people are being so distracted. There is no one in congress of whom they have been accustomed to rally—no one who has not been destroyed.

"The services of every sovereign man now required, and they should be employed in the service of the people, who are now the only service that is really most available. Your state remains without services in the senate of the United States. You are upon you in the harbor of South Carolina, and you are in the harbor, and afford to your country the benefit of your services and influence."

"Permit me to add, and so far as I am concerned, the greatest favor you can afford me an immediate opportunity of performing my duty. I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, yours, ANSEL E. HUGER."

Governor H. H. Hambleton of South Carolina, upon receipt of copies of these letters, thus wrote to Mr. Calhoun:

"Silver Bluff, 1 March, 1844.—My Dear Sir: I have just received a letter from General Calhoun, in which he expresses a desire that Judge Huger has expressed to you a desire to resign his seat in the senate if you will consent to his resignation. I have no doubt would meet my views to concur by appointing you to the vacancy. I can hardly suppose that you will decline to accept of it, as to my course in such an event, but

perhaps it may not be amiss in me to save a few words for the consideration of Judge Huger's proposal, you can make your arrangements at once, and by giving me a day or two to prepare, I will be ready for you in Charleston. I have always looked on you for the election in the senate, and I am sure you will not be disappointed. I did not, however, think that an offer of one should come from Judge Huger. It is a noble instance of self-denial and personal sacrifice to seek the truth. Truly and sincerely yours,

T. H. HAMMOND.

Such a spontaneous recognition of the man for the place, in which a United States senator, ambitious as any for preference, gives all up that one whom he esteems worthier than he might fight the battles of his country, is a noble example to all men.

Mr. Calhoun was considering this proposition when the next mail brought him letters of a startling character, and calculated to stir the soul of even the coldest of men.

Into the Cabinet.

The letters first told of the public tragedy of the Princeton. There had been placed upon the ship a large cannon called the Peacemaker, and a distinguished party had been invited on board, including the president and his cabinet to witness the testings of the new weapon. The party included the party into mourning. Among the killed were Secretary of State Upshur and Secretary of the Navy Gilmer. The vacancy thus created in the state department was

of the Texas and Oregon questions. In response to intimations from all parts of the country President Tyler urged upon Mr. Calhoun the acceptance of that office. The matter was finally settled by the efforts of Duffie and from other prominent men of the union urging upon Mr. Calhoun the patriotic duty which he owed his country. To Senator McDuffie Mr. Calhoun wrote:

I intended to close my public life forever, unless the voice of the people should freely express their desire that I should continue in the government or some great calamity should demand my return to it as a duty, or that I should be called upon to participate. Acting in conformity with that fixed intention I have appointed the rest of my life to the study of the sciences and to other things to a task of which I am very desirous of executing, and which would require the most diligent and constant calculation upon at my age. So far as I am concerned my public life is closed to my enjoyment. I have no more to do for my country. I have devoted the prime of my life to its service and have endeavored to do it as well as I could. It is no longer my interest.

But I have done so because it is my duty, without looking beyond. Now, my duty is over. I have no more to do. My government can bestow upon me any reward that can induce me to break my arrangement with the people. I have no objection to the question of duty I must confer with the people. The requisite information to enable me to do so is not in my hands.

Mr. Calhoun having thus left the matter in the hands of his friends, they unitedly

to accept the position. The following letter from President Tyler decided the matter:

"Washington, March 6, 1844—My Dear Sir—I wrote you this morning a letter informing you of the circumstances which induced me to nominate you to the senate as secretary of state. I now write to say that the secretary of the senate has this morning brought me the intelligence of your confirmation.

"Thus it is, dear Sir, that the country united with me in the call which I have made upon you. I may leave the result to the promptings of your own patriotic feelings.

JOHN TYLER

The Last Years of Life.

The record of Mr. Calhoun as secretary of state is a matter of history and largely of local interest. The correspondence of that office there are numerous letters which show whether he would be willing to retain same position under President Polk. This came from all sections of the country. A large letter, signed by a Mr. [unclear], urged him to resume his place in the United States senate. A letter dated January 1846, from leading citizens of Anderson, S. C., written by [unclear], would go to the senate, had this to say:

"We have all come to the conclusion we have nothing to expect, either from the north or the south, but that the southern states will have to care of themselves the best they can. The action of the senate on the 25th instant concerning tariff and the annexation of Texas, is so extraordinary that we have no idea of doing for ourselves. If so, would you not be more service to us in the senate than other places you could go to."

In October of the same year the late senator John P. King, of Georgia, wrote Calhoun: "You have been right from

Beverly Tucker, president of Williams Mary college, of Virginia, wrote: "We, the mind of a country does not govern, mind is sealed. You alone are free to state for the rest of the world the mind of the country. It is a noble constituency, represented except by you."

Although President Polk offered Mr. Houston the ambassadorship to Great Britain, he declined it and accepted once more the commission of his state.

He was elected to the United States senate. During the four decades of his life the battle grew stronger between the representatives of the states, and John C. Calhoun, and the men who stood behind Daniel Webster. The question of known fees did not give Mr. Houston the concern which came from the treachery of his own party associates in the north and the west. The feeling toward Mr. Clayton, who made known to him a letter from Governor Harbert of Georgia, who afterwards ran vice president on the ticket with Stephen Douglas. The letter is dated from Millsville, Ga., June 28, 1849, and reads:

and I have read it with mortification and not with surprise. I am mortified at the exhibition which it makes of his personal and political depravity.

"Was such arrogance, such vanity, such impudence, such falsehood, such a display of every vice better than the great abundance in such a compass? An specimen of these qualities it is, indeed, but it is not a specimen of a man; however, because I was prepared for all most anything from Mr. Benton. I know that in the parade of his conduct I would have supposed it would have been more covert, for few men have the open and perpetual display of their faults in the light. I knew his faults, and I thought no assault would be too malign for his attempt."

After urging Mr. Calhoun to reply to the speech Governor Johnson concluded his glory in the fact that I signed the address which was the subject of Mr. Benton's reply which Mr. Calhoun made to him. I have drawn forth a letter from Major J. M. Smith of California, in which he has taken no active part in politics the last summer. My whole soul is absorbed in the southern question, and for that I have but three arguments—myself and two sons. They are young, but old enough to be the price of the purchase of my submission to an uncontrollable nation. My present residence is in Columbus. My resting place will be in my native land, whenever she requires her sons to die for her.

The uncertainty of political affairs in the north is shown in a letter from Samuel Bishop, dated New Haven, Conn., June 18, 1846, in which he says: "Our political affairs are still in a very unsettled state. Whether there is a small number of patriots in both houses, the fact is that the parties are so nearly balanced that neither can calculate with any certainty upon remaining in the ascendancy more than two years at the most."

Mr. Calhoun was the recipient of a number of letters of congratulation from the north upon his return to senatorial life. One from Fernando Wood, dated September 18, 1846, reads: "I am glad to hear that you will consent to be returned to the senate. We all feel at ease without a leader. No man like J. C. C. can strengthen public confidence through the agitated and stormy day."


From Cambridge, Mass., under date of April 6, 1846, Mr. Edward Everett, congratulating Mr. Calhoun on his Oregon speech, said: "Believing that you have really done more for the institution of slavery than by your course on this question, I wish you could see your way clear to some acceptable compromise between the tariff and the

anti-slavery parties. If it is possible to effect it, it can only be done by you."

There Was a Financial Question.

The financial question played a somewhat similar part during the lifetime of Mr. Calhoun to what it is playing now, the difference being that then the banks acted without the government, while now they are acting with the government. This was the necessary consequence of the war made by President Jackson against the bank of the United States, which was so bitterly denounced at the time in the United States senate. Among the manuscripts filed here is one in Mr. Calhoun's handwriting:

"What is a bank? An institution to make money. What is the instinct of such an institution? Gain, gain—nothing but gain, and



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

From the Original Portrait by Healy.

they would not willingly relinquish the gain from the present state of things, which is profitable to them. Acting as they do without restraint, banks must change their nature, lay aside their instinct, before they will aid in doing what is not to their interest to do. By this process of reasoning we come to the conclusion that it rests upon congress to make them return to their instincts by making it to their interest to do so."

The argument then goes on for a nation bank which would pay out gold and silver, forcing the other banks to come to a general basis. That the de-nationalized banks would quite as effective in controlling politics as gleaned from a Philadelphia letter, which said that "The democrats would control Pennsylvania except for the banks, twenty thousand." In a letter dated New York, October 11, 1841, Mr. Calhoun is quoted

The Tyler whigs have a plans of operation upon them. They expect that they will be forced upon their feet by determined opposition to be located at Boston as a treasury department.

How the politics of Massachusetts enterprise? William J. Edgar Thomas who, at that time was southern railroad built during Augusta, Ga., says: "The surveyors were killed and Charlotton completed. The work was done. Take \$100,000 for the outside. Georgia within the last year would seem like Alabama because of the cause of war." Nevertheless I think he raised here. The antagonistic position in Carolina, therefore it took up this dedication report, is to be of its benefits. In a connection with life of vital importance attempt to speak by the Calhoun correspondence volumes. Success eluded between slavery was approaching, and 1860, the abolitionists tried vigor to turn propaganda, they found sick spent with age ready to stand up again which he had committed the misdeed of the United States senate that him and he was con- sidering a few days, finding that a young man could he had served Mr. Calhoun's views "was to me political firmament," him with such confidence not only during love, devotion to his health affairs his healthy devotion to the public characterized his way to occupy his seat in indisputable spirit against his physical freedom and extraordinary energy were then speed direct and sustained from us

"Like a summer When our need we"

(Conducted by _____)

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THE COURTYARD JAPANESE

Americans Observe the Day. Japs Close Their Business Places.

Yokohama, Japan, July 11.—(Staff Correspondence.)—I have seen the 4th of July celebrated in many cities of the United States, but never a celebration to equal that held on the 4th.

All told, there were about one thousand Americans in Yokohama. Every man, woman and child of them displayed the American flag in some form. The Jap shopkeepers had made up quantities of silk handkerchiefs with the flag in each of the four corners, and silk four-in-hand ties, with the knot of the blue background and white stars, while the ends were red and white stripes. With these, or with flags, every American showed his colors.

The celebration opened up at noon. In the port, anchored in front of the hotels, was the United States flag ship Baltimore with Admiral Carpenter aboard. About it were anchored the English flag ship Centurion and four other English cruisers, besides French, German, Russian and Japanese gunboats. At noon every ship in the harbor raised the American flag and fired a salute of thirteen guns.

Everybody had collected in the Grand hotel veranda, where the Japanese, from the harbor, played the American airs. From boats anchored in front a beautiful display of Japanese daylight fireworks was given.

The Japanese officials and merchants, to pay their respects to the Americans, marched down behind their boy band of two scores of futes and Garman accordions, playing "Marching Through the Camp" and "John Brown's Body," and waving hundreds of American and Japanese flags. They lined up in front and lustily shouted, "Banzai America!" until their throats were sore. Then there was a general singing of the long American bar of the hotel, and later in the evening there was a jolly mixture of the Jap and the Jap.

From 7 to 7 o'clock in the afternoon there was a reception and dance aboard the Baltimore, and in the evening a display of fireworks on the beach, not to speak of the displays made of themselves by the crowd.

Naturally the English navy was not inclined to enter into the celebration, but the officers had been twitted so much about the summer sea in sailing the fleet away just before the 4th that they remained in port this time and did their part in honor of their American cousins.

In Yokohama all foreign business houses and banks closed and the newspapers suspended publication. They do this on the national holidays of every nation, making, within the year, quite a number of holidays.

Second Impressions of Japan.

One's first impressions of Japan do not last. For the five weeks of the stay in the country, the peculiarities and grotesqueness of the sights you see are attractive. There is a fascination about it. But in time, this wears off and you begin to see the real Japan, to understand her people and her adoptions.

By her adoptions, I mean the foreigners who live within her gates. Among the latter are all classes of people. Some of the most refined, cultured and cleverest Americans and English in the world are to be found here. But these are there. There are Americans here who are not so refined, but who are nevertheless in all things to the Japanese, and, unfortunately, there is a band of Americans who flood our country with Japanese literature and alleged Japanese news, ground and sent to the foreign office, for which they get an annual allowance. In one way or another, and are permitted to occasionally dine at the home of a Jap official.

These fellows, who are of all manner of obstacles in the way of a visiting newspaper man and to queer his productions, if they are decidedly pro-Japanese. On account of my story of the Trench-ran battle, where the Japanese killed all the wounded Chinese—1,200 on the field after the battle, these fellows, on Japanese non de plumes, have endeavored for a month past to arouse the Japs against me. But the Japs, who are, they have no respect for them, and more than one prominent Jap has agreed with me in my estimate of the people of Japan.

Indeed the officials have, in their own peculiar and slow way, given me all advantages and facilities that they give to any foreigner. They tell you about what they have done, but never who has had experience, and nothing that does not redound to the flattering credit of Japan. They are extremely polite and clever, but are decidedly diplomatic in evading questions that they would not answer. In this, however, the Japanese government officials are only what they have to be.

But for some of the reporters on the Japanese papers, who have been educated in America and do know how to write the news in true American style, the news of government doings, when given out, would be as ancient as the scoop printed by the correspondent of the New York paper. June that the emperor had hypoid fever last March but recovered in two weeks and had been hale and hearty since. The able correspondent added to his story that he was the first to print it and took into himself great credit.

Speaking of the Jap reporter, he would be a great success if the government would allow him to go to the United States. In particular a young fellow who has had experience in San Francisco and who has managed to get sufficient news in the last three months to have his paper suppressed five times by the government.

Of the real Japan.

But it was of the real Japan that I began to write of Japan as it appears to me and has been in all its parts and who has been with all classes of people.

There are two Japs—an old and a new. The great mass of the people yet cling to the old Japan, but the government and the better educated element are decidedly western in all things, and it will not be many years before the old Japan will be a thing of the past, every vestige of which will have disappeared.

The advancement, or westernizing of Japan, commenced just after the revolution of 1868. But to go back into history. During the eighth century Buddhist missionaries came over from China and introduced the civilization of China (which was, by the way, then almost as advanced as now), causing, in time, a government to be established on the line of the Chinese central bureaucratic plan, with a system of ministers responsible to the emperor. "Son of Heaven," whose power was absolute. These mikados, however, spent their life oscillating between indolence and debauchery. During the eleventh century the many and varied Japanese entry rebelled at this form of government, and for centuries after the real master of the empire was he who was strongest with his sword and hand of the emperor's host. From the eleventh century to 1867 the shoguns really ruled, retaining the mikado as the theoretical head. Under the shoguns the daimyos, who ruled the smaller provinces.

In 1853 when Commodore Perry, with his American gunboat, demanded of Japan that she open up several ports to foreign residence and foreign trade, Japan was in a weak condition, and the shogun was forced to yield.

One of the daimyos, indignant at the "law of the gods" being polluted by foreigners, in 1862 sent a fleet of five French vessels. This led to the bombardment of the daimyos, who ruled the smaller provinces.

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how to apply it. That is why the government is conducted so cheaply; that is why it has so few employees.

The government officers are from the nobility of Japan. The army and navy officers are from the same class. They are the highest class of the Japanese. Naturally so. The Japanese have always been a fighting people. The shoguns and daimyos have had their armies for centuries. To fight has been bred in the race for generations. In olden times the soldier ranked highest. The Chinese farmer who produced the food to feed the soldier; and last came the shopkeeper and the cooly, or servant of the soldier.

So it is now. The shopkeeper ranks so low, the impulsive, the merchant ranks highest and the soldier is the slum of the earth. Perhaps that is why the Chinese merchant is always to be trusted, always honest, why it is best to believe all Japanese merchants dishonest until they prove themselves honest.

In this connection one observes a rather surprising thing in the banks of Japan. The foreign in every bank, Japanese as well as foreign, is a Chinaman. In a bank the Jap handles all the money. You present your check or draft to the teller or clerk. He examines it, figures out the rate of exchange and makes a check, which he passes to the Jap. The Jap verifies the calculation, and then the Chinese teller or machine, checks the same if correct, and then goes for the money. Every one gives a different reason why it is that the Jap handles all the money. Her highest class of people have adopted all things American except manner. That they assume with Americans, but among themselves they still fall upon their knees and bow low numerous times before uttering a word. Though at their own Jap they wear their frock coats, they pull off their shoes and sit on the floor. Indeed, in many things they combine grotesquely the Japanese and American customs.

From that date up to the present Japan has advanced as no nation on earth ever expanded in the same years. Her government has adopted something from almost every government. Her highest class of people have adopted all things American except manner. That they assume with Americans, but among themselves they still fall upon their knees and bow low numerous times before uttering a word. Though at their own Jap they wear their frock coats, they pull off their shoes and sit on the floor. Indeed, in many things they combine grotesquely the Japanese and American customs.

It is, however, only about one-half of 1 per cent of the male population who affect western dress. Practically none of the female sex, other than the empress and a few women who have made a name for themselves in the American dress. The figures of the women do not so gracefully submit to the style. Indeed, a Japanese woman has no figure, viewed from the front, and they are absurd looking spectacles, though in their own some of them are cute, if not really pretty.

Many of the men in part American dress are especially grotesque. You often see them in Japanese skin-tight trousers, the native sandal shoe and an American coat and these some of these hats are queer devices. All over Tokyo you see men trotting about in little rag pressed-in hats, quite high and with a brim half an inch wide. It is the hat once worn by ladies in America, with a bird wing on one side, but which was never popular. An American manufacturer, who made up a stock which he could not dispose of, has earned a name on the Japs and they wear the little hat. It is true they are too small for the Jap head, but in the wind, they hold them with one hand and strut about in high feather.

Many of the men have more material things than they have adopted and combined with their own ideas. They have built railroads after the English pattern, but are now adopting American engines, and, in time, will perhaps come to American cars. They have modeled their police and detective systems after the French, but have improved upon that. Indeed, there is no police system on the globe so efficient as the Japanese.

Her military system was adopted from the French, but is now a combination of French and German. Her public school system is based upon that of the United States, and is equally good, if not better. Her constitution, promulgated in 1889, making Japan a constitutional monarchy, was adopted from Prussia. Her only adoption from Russia is the system of the police of the press and laws which give the police censorship over public meetings. In only that a free press and free speech are not permitted in the Russian.

With the latter exception the Japanese have adopted the best of all things western; this is, those things which are adaptable to use in their country. It is true they have had things palmed off on them sometimes, but, as a rule, they have got the best.

As imitators they are adept. Quickly they learn to make for themselves articles similar to new imported ones, and they are now manufacturing on a small scale almost every conceivable article. Especially are they reproducing American and English patented articles. The government encourages this by refusing to grant patents on foreign-made goods.

Any article that you intelligently describe to a Japanese artisan he can make for you. In metal work and carvings of all kinds they are perhaps the most skillful people in the world. They are slow and very slow, but if you give them time you will have what you want.

Yet Japan is primitive in many things. Outside of her cotton factories she has adapted few labor-saving devices. In Japan human labor is cheaper than either machinery or animal power. Heavy labor is done by men instead of horses. Indeed, the cooly is the beast of burden, the lifting machine, the everything. He can live comfortably upon 10 sen a day and will do any kind of work for 10 sen, or from 8 to 10 cents in our money. Yet the same Japanese cooly workingman is as slow as the proverbial old molasses.

P. B. Nichols, an iron manufacturer of Boston has been here for some seven weeks, says he has carefully studied the labor of Japan and that it is not so cheap as figures would make it appear. He expresses the opinion that one Alabama negro would do more hard work and accomplish more in one day of ten hours than four Japanese laborers will accomplish in twelve hours. As he expresses it, the Japs work slowly one minute and rests the next. The Jirickia men, says he, are the only Japanese who ever hurry, and they only do so because their trade requires it.

In whatever class of life you find the Japanese he seems happy. The cooly, who wears nothing but a breach cloth, wears a smile with it. Every one appears to be good natured. They seem to live on laugh. The slightest thing provokes a laugh. And above all things they seem to love one another. I have been among all classes of them. I have seen them gloriously drunk on sake, and I have seen them fight or quarreling. They are always polite to one another, though I have heard them use some nasty language in commenting upon foreigners. In their language they have not what is known with us as "curse" words, neither have they the bowery slang, but they have the vilest meaning, and among the lower classes about the streets, particularly at night, you hear it.

Among the higher classes of Japs you find some delightful people. A thoroughly educated Jap is the best educated man in the world. Many of them speak English, French and German fluently. In the foreign office, for instance, every man knows the detailed history of every country on the globe. They keep thoroughly posted on political movements in America as well as in European countries. With many of them have discussed the silver question and the probabilities of the silver-tin winning in the United States at the next election.

These are the men who are making Japan what it is. There are few of them it is true, but the few are working wonders for Japan. They have made a standard. To enter the government service a man must have knowledge, and must know

how to apply it. That is why the government is conducted so cheaply; that is why it has so few employees.

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United States in the spring which is decidedly favorable to Japan.

The Japanese diplomats believe in the old maxim that more flies are caught with the bait than with the net. They will keep on the tails of some American birds and make Japan so delightful to them that they can see only Japan's interests.

In many respects, in character, manner and disposition, the Japanese people are much like the French. They are impulsive and patriotic; quick of anger, equally quick to be pacified. They love and hate with equal degrees of intensity. When I arrived in Japan the most intense hatred against the English was manifested by all Japanese. Today England is their beloved nation. All the high government officials, including Count Ito, took occasion last Tuesday to come down from Tokyo and pay their respects to the English admiral whose ship has been in this port several weeks.

Against an outside enemy the Japs bury all their prejudices and unite, now that there is no immediate alarm from the outside, they want to fight among themselves. If Russia holds off for a more favorable time to pick her quarrel with Korea, and no warlike clouds appear to be on the horizon, the Japs will meet in the fall, when free speech in the house of representatives is not suppressed by the ministry, international strife that may lead to revolution is to be expected. The ambition of the "outs" will lead them to any deed, and Japan may yet, and very soon, furnish a money market for the world.

In view of what might happen, Japan is today perhaps the most interesting country on the globe—not the west, tiny Japan. When the Japs are in a class of grotesque Japs; not the Japs that the globe-trotter sees under the chaperonage of a professional guide who stuffs him with facts and figures, but the Japs as they are, with their questions and expressed opinions—both the real Japs composed of not exceeding 20,000,000 men from whose views and opinions those of the masses are formed.

Japan is destined to rank among the most powerful nations of the world is an established fact. She is no longer to be viewed as a toy nation. It will not be many years before she will be the greatest rival in the commerce of the east, perhaps of the world, and she will soon have such a navy that the ships of other nations can hardly keep up with her citizens to all quarters of the earth and will be able to demand equal rights with the most favored nations in all countries.

Already she is well protected, and her coast defenses are being increased each year. Her army is as well organized as any navy. When the Japs are in a class of grotesque Japs; not the Japs that the globe-trotter sees under the chaperonage of a professional guide who stuffs him with facts and figures, but the Japs as they are, with their questions and expressed opinions—both the real Japs composed of not exceeding 20,000,000 men from whose views and opinions those of the masses are formed.

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there are few paupers. Don't you observe the people of all classes to be happy and contented? They live simply. It is true, but that is conducive to health; and you have doubtless observed that the Japanese are hearty and healthy people.

"Still," he continued, "we would like to have more money in Japan. Our people could make good use of it in building large manufacturing, all of which grow in existence are very profitable. We are rapidly increasing our exports annually, and, as you know, there is nothing which so increases the wealth of a country as its exports."

During our talk Mr. Soyeda conducted me through the treasury building. It is a plain substantial structure, very simply furnished. It has no surplus of clerks—only sufficient to transact the actual business. The ordinary Arabic figures used in all work, and all figuring is done on the soroban, which every one has seen in Chinese shops and laundries at home.

"The soroban is faster and one is less liable to make mistakes in using it," said Mr. Soyeda, "than by your system of figuring. We have adopted many things from you, but we think ours for figuring the best."

"Will you ever adopt Roman letters instead of your difficult characters?"

"Never. In all these things, our people are the best, though more difficult to acquire a thorough knowledge of. Again, our history and writings for centuries are in the Japanese characters, and from a study of both I was for many years at college in England—I believe our characters or our language should not be changed."

"Still we have both, as you will see here. The Japanese have exhibited a hundred yen 5 per cent coupon government bond printed on one side in Japanese and the other in English. This is a class of the property the foreigner can hold, and quite a number of them are held by foreigners. When our new treaties go into effect Japan will be open to investment of foreign capital in manufactures and other things, and I expect to see quite an influx."

I am done with Japan. On the next good steamer which leaves Tokyo for San Francisco I take passage, soon again to be a good old American sea dog, where I can speak to those who speak my language and where life is worth living. Japan is all night in its way. It is a unique and delightful country to visit. But don't let me keep you too long. I will only say that its rovelles wear off and you are faced with stern realities.

Naked men chasing about the streets, the queer little jirickias, the gaudy little kimonos of the women, the beauties of its scenery, its temples, and Buddhas, and tea houses, and curio shops—all have their novelty in this world, but they pass and then the flat bar remains. With the passing of the froth comes the mosquitoes and the fleas. Japan is the summer resort of the latter. They apparently come from all over the world to prey upon the people of the "Land of the Rising Sun," and upon foreigners in particular.

With me it has been three months in Japan and China waiting for something to turn up in the shape of another war. When I left Atlanta the war was at its height. The Japanese troops were preparing to march upon Peking, and the Japs were massed at Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei ready to be transported across the Gulf of Pechili to a point near Tien-Tsin, from where they were to march upon Peking. At this stage Li Hung Chang himself sued for peace and sailed across to Shimomoseki to meet with Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu.

When I arrived at San Francisco and prepared to board the steamship China, a cable came announcing the attempted assassination of the Chinese viceroy.

The China, however, which has no cable and where no news could be heard, and then, after a total of eighteen days at sea, we arrived in Yokohama, on the 15th of April, to learn that an armistice of twenty days had been agreed upon soon after the shooting of Li Hung Chang. A day or two thereafter came the news of the termination of peace negotiations, following by the emperor's rescript announcing that the war had ended.

Then came the interference of Russia, France and Germany. The Japanese people were so eager to celebrate the day of victory and boast of laying for England next, when the ministry abandoned Japan's territorial acquisitions from China at the dictation of these powers. Immediately the enthusiasm of the people was turned into hatred of foreigners and disgust with the ministry. So intense became this feeling that all foreigners were watched over and protected by detectives, and the ministry each had to be protected by a heavy bodyguard. Newspapers were suppressed every day and editors were punished for criticizing the ministry.

Celebrations were ordered, but the people refused to celebrate. They clamored for a fight with Russia, but the ministry would not have it. Public meetings to protest against the war with China, however, were held. And still all this goes on. Many times it has looked like war would begin anew, but not so. The nearest approach to war was the Chinese soldiers were killed while running from the forts which they made a pretense at holding.

To get from one point to another in the orient is a trial. At home it is talked of as a mere junket to run from Yokohama over to Shanghai, yet it takes as long as to go from New York to London. A steamer from Yokohama to Peking is nearly a three weeks' trip, sixty miles of which you travel in a canal boat pulled by coolies. From Yokohama to Tamsui, Pootung, you must take your chances in catching ships, there being no regular lines. You may get there in two weeks or it may take you two months. You must go to Nagasaki and get a ship to Shanghai, then take another ship to Anevy, and there take your chances in catching something to carry you the three or four hundred miles across to Formosa Island.

Again, in running about through the orient, after the first of April, you butt up against all sorts of horrible diseases. At one point you run into the cholera, where people are dying by the scores daily. At another you run into the black plague, equally fatal, and everywhere in China smallpox exists to such an extent that you occasionally see men in the streets with the disease actually upon them.

Several of the Japanese correspondents who remained with the army after the fighting ceased, expecting it to be renewed, died of cholera. Two of the three who went to the Pescadores fell victims to the cholera, and two correspondents of London newspapers were held prisoners on a cholera-infected ship lying off the Pescadores for a full month.

The Russian scare has died out. Russia wants a harbor, and which, unlike Vladivostok, will be open all the year round. Vladivostok is frozen up during the winter. But Russia has no idea of taking possession of this harbor if she has to go to war with Japan to do so. It will be five years before her Siberian railroad can be completed and during the interval she has ample time to acquire the harbor of Port Lazaref from Korea. The government of the Korean kingdom is already the tool of Russia and is willing today to concede her the harbor she wants, but Russia prefers to wait and get it by diplomacy, which is cheaper and surer than war.

Corruption is a child in the deretofore has been practically a part of China, though with a king and government of her own. Though under the terms of peace between China and Japan, Korea was declared independent, that simply meant a transfer of guardianship to Japan.

Count Inouye, one of Japan's ablest statesmen, was sent to Korea to teach her to govern herself, and in his wake there followed thousands of arrogant Japanese who laid claim to all things in the country and treated the native Koreans as though they were slaves or captives of war. There are few native Koreans in Japan, and the Japanese. They could not turn

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By R. A. Hardaway.

The Choctaws use the word "okee" for water, e. g., Okeefnookee, Okmulgee, Okonee, Oklookee.

The Creeks use "wewa" to express water, e. g., Wewalustee, Wewatumpke, Wewoka.

The Romans use aqua for water, the Italians Spanish, French and all latin races use a similar word, as all retain the latin word for bread, panis. It would argue a long interval of time to differentiate expressions, so medical bread and water in people who had common words.

The comparison of vocabularies of these Indian tribes discloses a resemblance of Muskogee and Hitchitee words. In many other words the resemblance is not so close. Hitchitee resemble, while the Muscogee word is radically different.

One of the largest streams in southeast Georgia probably received its name from Hitchitee or Miki-suki Indians. The names were not changed by the whites.

The name of town in Choctaw is tanahah, as it is also in Hunsakee, or Maritime

The history of the Creek Indians is given by Pickett in his history of Alabama. Pickett has followed the account given by Adair, an educated Scotch trader, who was familiar with the tribes of Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi from 1745 to 1767, as he gives these dates in his book.

lards at Appalachee in 1704 eighty miles west of St. Augustine. This was a terrible defeat to the Indians. They are usually described as Yamassees. But Bartram found them to be Seminole Muskokees.

Stephens states, "After the memorable defeat of the Yamassees in 1715, when they, with other tribes, were incited by the Spaniards, a fort was built in the fork of the Altamaha hall, and in 1727 the Yamasee town was destroyed."

Bartram states that on July 1, 1776, he encamped on the Oconee river at the "Oconee old town," which was abandoned by

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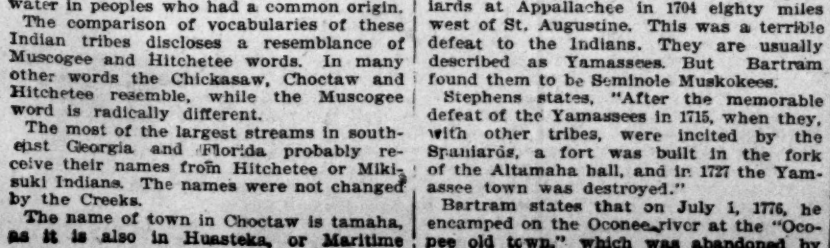
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Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1895.

STRATEGY *Of the* ROBBERS

*Experience of Two Boys in Mississippi in
the Sixties*

At Logtown, which is a lumbering station of importance not far from Pearlton, on Pearl river, in Mississippi, I was told that years ago a band of robbers controlled by a desperate man, one of John A. Murrell's successors, named Copeland, infested the country round about, committing all sorts of terrible crimes and openly defying the officers of the law. This put me on the track for new material for my sketches of early life in the Pearl river country, and diligent inquiry rewarded me with some very romantic and thrilling incidents illustrative of what the advance guard of American pioneers experienced in a region of country which is still almost primitive after all our years of progress.

When our great civil war ended there was no railroad in southern Mississippi, and the condition which prevailed fifty years earlier over a large part of the Pearl river country still existed, with the added confusion and distress brought about by four years of lawlessness and the natural demoralization consequent to war. Peace was declared; but there was no peace in the region between Honey Island and the Alabama line. Copeland and his gang for a long time terrorized the whole population, black and white, creole and American, Indian and dago. No man dared let it be known that he had money. At this time two boys, half brothers, by the name of Favre, the elder called Pierre, the younger Alphonse, were in a boat in a bayou or creek fishing for "green trout," as the natives designated bass, when they saw flames issuing from the roof of their home, which was about a mile away across a marsh. The house was a humble one, built of pine boards; but it contained a few things of value, and underneath its floor at a certain place was buried an earthen pot containing several hundred dollars in silver money, which the family had been hoarding for years.

As soon as the boys saw the fire they rowed for dear life, until they reached a landing place, whence, without delay, they ran to the house, only to find it already burnt to coals and ashes. What had caused the conflagration? This was a mystery to them, for not a spark of fire had been left on the hearth. They stood there gaping stupidly and gazing in silent distress. What made the matter most disheartening to them was the guilty recollection that their father and mother, on leaving home that morning with a wagon load of potatoes for a distant town, to be gone two days or more, had particularly charged them not to go away from the house at any time dur-

time was to saunter or stand around with their hands in their pockets, gazing dolefully at the slowly dying fire. It would be twenty-four hours to wait yet before their parents could return; meantime, what were they to eat? This question could have been very easily answered but for a single fact. Although their guns were safe enough back yonder in the boat, where, in their haste to reach the burning house, they had left them, not a charge of powder remained in their powder horns. The last shot had been fired at a duck which Pierre had seen while fishing. A small amount of ammuni-

the pot and drew it forth from its grave. At this time Pierre was digging, and it chanced that Alphonse, on the very instant the treasure was uncovered, saw one of the robbers thrust his head above a clump of undergrowth some forty yards away.

"A man!" he cried in his brother's ear. "He sees us."

Pierre looked, when Alphonse pointed, and saw four heads instead of one, four dark and excited faces, four pairs of greedy eyes, gazing over the bushes. A moment was time enough to disclose the whole situation to Pierre's quick creole mind, and his first clear thought was that he must meet this emergency with prompt action. It was no part of his nature to consider a fight lost until it was ended, much less before it was begun.

Alphonse was scared and trembling from head to foot, his eyes as round as a dollar, his hair fairly lifting his hat.

A moment later the four men broke through the bushes and came running toward the boys. It was time to act, and Pierre acted.

He seized the little pot of silver and sprang to his feet.

"Come on, Alphonse! Run! Follow me!"



THE MEN WERE CLOSE BEHIND THEM, SHOOTING AS THEY RAN.

tion had been left in the house, but, of course, it was now gone.

Pierre was first to speak. "Well," said he, "we'll have to wait and watch here till the fire goes out and then dig up the money and go to somebody's house."

Alphonse assented to this; it seemed the only thing to do; so while one of them remained on guard the other went to bring the guns and fishing tackle from the boat.

They had not very long to wait for the fire to burn out. The pine boards were dry and rich with turpentine. A little after noon they began sweeping away the ashes from a certain spot with a brush of pine boughs, and soon were ready to dig up their father's buried money.

Now all this time four men were hidden at the woods' edge hard by watching them narrowly and with no little impatience. These were the robbers who had set fire to the house, cunningly calculating that the first thing the boys would do when the fire went out would be to dig up the money. It was, indeed, a fine piece of villainous strategy, for the outlaws knew that the Favres had buried the money. How they found it out I could not learn, and they knew as well that no threats or tortures, nor anything short of wily strategy would ever force a disclosure of the treasure's hiding place from any one of the family.

Doubtless the four heartless wretches chuckled grimly enough, when, after long waiting, they saw the boys sweep away the ashes and begin to dig with an old ax, from which the handle had been burned. Their plan had worked to perfection. All they had to do was to lie there in the edge of the wood, smoke their pipes and wait till the money was found, then go and take it.

All unsuspecting the boys delved away, taking turns at the ax. It seems that they made a slight miscalculation as to the exact spot, and so had a good deal of digging to do, but in less than an hour they reached

And away he went as hard as he could run. Alphonse was at his heels; their feet twinkled under them, and what was coming behind them gave their little limbs double energy. Naturally enough, the robbers stopped to look about for a minute at the place where the pot had been dug up to see if perchance the boys had left the money. Then on they came. But they had given the boys a good start, which had been of great advantage.

One of the men fired a pistol and yelled, "Halt!" Another banged away with a winchester rifle. A ball from the latter sang close to Alphonse's ear, just as he followed Pierre into a wildly tangled piece of forest, where the undergrowth was half reeds, half swamp bushes.

It was more a matter of accident than of choice that the boys reached this dense part of the wood, and they found great difficulty in entering, so matted was the rank growth. The men were close behind them, shooting as they ran, and yelling forth all manner of dire threats and imprecations. Alphonse got himself caught in a tangle of weeds and vines. Pierre fell down and split part of the money, but they wiggled out of the difficulty just in time to elude their pursuers.

They escaped, indeed, and after great suffering found their way to the house of a friend. Pierre held on to the pot, but at the end of the terrible run there was scarcely half of the money left in it. The robbers did not get so much as a single dollar, and by diligent search the Favres found most of what they had lost. A year later Copeland and his gang were brought to justice.

Rather Tough.

From The New York Weekly.

Ragged Robert (at Stony Point)—It's poor Christians, these folks is.

Jagged Jake—When ye ask fer bread they give ye a stone.

Ragged Robert—I wouldn't mind if they'd just give th' stone to me; but they throw it.

A FISH CIRCUS.

Yellow Tails Create a Disturbance on the Pacific.

(By C. F. Holder; copyright, 1895, by C. F. Holder.)

There was an unusual excitement in the little town of Avalon, Santa Catalina island. Men who were selling goods in the curiosity stores that lined the bay stopped suddenly, listened, then, without explanation, rushed out to the amazement of the customers, some of whom rushed after them. Guests in the hotels, hearing the commotion, looked out of upper windows, followed suit, and it was even said that the local barber dropped his razor and rushed for the beach, leaving his customer sitting in the chair half shaved.

Two Astounded Fishermen.

This excitement, and I saw it all, was started by two boys who had been sitting quietly a few minutes before on the little pier that ran out into the bay. They were feeling, if the truth were told, rather disappointed at the poor fishing, when suddenly without the slightest warning, the water, which had been perfectly smooth, turned, so far as appearances go, into a boiling caldron.

Yellow Tails!

The boys started to their feet in amazement, one being almost jerked overboard by a pull on his line, which parted; then with eyes dazzled by the apparition of dazzling fish, they shouted excitedly: "Yellow tail! yellow tail!" The cry was beaten up and down the pier, echoed from side to side, repeated in the neighboring streets, and, as a result, every one who could, rushed down to the beach.

The yellow tail is a fish, large and beautiful, with, as its name suggests, a yellow tail, a greenish back and white and silvery belly. Not one yellow tail, but thousands, had taken possession of the little bay; rushing in like furies chasing the small fry and flying fishes, and in the operation causing the boiling and splashing which the boys had first noticed.

Good Sport.

There were probably fifty boats on the beach, and at anchor; they were soon secured and all Santa Catalina went fishing, among them the two boys, who, taking the oars, were soon over the school and hauling in the big game.

The yellow tails were from two to four feet in length, and it required no little skill to land the largest of these fish; and when all the boats were afloat, manned by men, boys and ladies, all throwing lines, hauling in fish, laughing and shouting, it was an exciting scene. The shore was lined with people, who had no boats, but they also cast in their lines, which became entangled with those of others; and so the fun grew fast and furious.

Starting the Circus.

The most interesting feature of this seeming battle of the fishes was the flight of the flying fishes. These singular creatures, eighteen inches in length, with their gauze-like wings, seemed to be the especial object of the yellow tails, and were in the air here, there and everywhere. Some flew out upon the beach, one landing in a lady's lap, while the clever old dog of Hugo, the fisherman, caught others as they were struggling to reach the water again. The fliers either did not have the power to avoid the boats or were confused by them, as frequently they dashed over them.

As several soared over the boat containing our two young fishermen, one seized a hoop that had been used as a net hoop, and held it up after the manner of the clown in the circus; and if the flying fish did not pass through, it was simply an accident, as one struck a lady in a neighboring boat which I was rowing, while another passed so near my head that I moved to avoid the living arrow. The incident was quite sufficient for the boys to claim to have enacted a part in a fish circus, and certainly the performers above and below the surface carried out the idea.

A Big Catch.

Surely such a display of agility on the part of the fishes was never before seen at Santa Catalina. In a very short time more than two hundred yellow tails, ranging from fifteen to thirty pounds, had been caught, while hundreds had escaped. It was over an hour before the excitement had died down, and what the boys called a fish circus had ended.

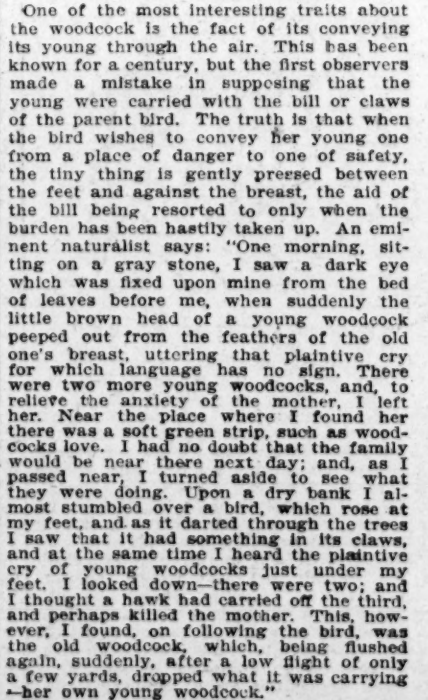
Never was there such an opportunity to observe the flying fishes, and as the large fishes drove them on to where the wind came heavily around the island, a strange scene ensued. As they dashed into the air, the gusts of wind caught them and bore them up ten or fifteen feet, where the sun flashed on them, and from a distance one might have imagined that a flock of birds had suddenly arisen and were being carried away on the wind.



THEY SAW FLAMES ISSUING FROM THE ROOF OF THEIR HOUSE.

ing the parental absence, and they had disobeyed, with this disastrous result. Residence, outhouses, everything gone to ashes; not so much as a shelter or a bite to eat left.

Pierre and Alphonse Favre were thirteen and seventeen years old, respectively, swarthy creoles of mixed blood, brave as boys could be, but their hearts sank at sight of this destruction, as well they might. The nearest neighbor lived twelve miles away, so there was no one to advise with or turn to for help. Nor did they dare leave the spot, remembering that the little treasure of silver lay buried under those hot coals. All that they could do for a long



THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

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ATLANTA, GA., August 4, 1903.

A Fine Old Game for Boys.

The old game of hare and hounds is gaining new popularity and being played by many boys nowadays.

Any number of persons may play the game. One or two of the players are chosen as hares, and each is provided with a bag filled with torn pieces of paper, which are called "scent."

The hares start off together, the rest of the players, who are called hounds, not being allowed to see the direction they take. When five, ten or fifteen minutes—as may have been agreed upon—have elapsed the hounds set off in pursuit of the hares. In their hunt they are guided by the scent, handfuls of which are thrown out by the hares as they cover the course.

Usually it is agreed beforehand that the run shall be a certain number of miles or for a certain length of time. If a hound catches one of the hares within the specified distance he wins; otherwise the hares win.

If a hound catches sight of the hares he and his companions may not cut across and run toward them directly, but he must follow the scent, although sometimes rules are made allowing this to be done, under which circumstances it is, of course, perfectly allowable.

Very often chalk is used in place of paper, the hares making marks upon trees, walls and pavements. This is not, however, as satisfactory as paper for scent. The scent should be white in summer and black in winter. The reason it should be black in winter is that in this way the hounds will be enabled to more easily follow it.

This game is often played by rival clubs, two rival packs of hounds constituting the whole pack. The game is then decided by adding together the numbers representing the order in which the two clubs finished.

Monkey and Parrot Sense.

BY MRS. H. P. HUSE.

After a somewhat learned and very interesting discussion on the "nearness of animals to man," and Mr. Garner's efforts toward developing a monkey language, etc., some one told the following story:

"A young lad in a southern family I know had a half-grown black monkey sent to him from Borneo. The creature, shy and strange at first, soon showed himself responsive to kindness, quick and intelligent in learning the usual accomplishments thought necessary in a monkey education. He became warmly attached to his youthful owner and the two friends might be seen anywhere together, the Borneo perched on the shoulders of young America, occasionally giving him an affectionate tap on the cheek or chattering in his ear in the most human way possible. After a while it was decreed that Yokko's master must be sent north to school and the desolate condition of that monkey, in consequence, was really pitiable—he grieved and refused to be comforted for a long time and then he suddenly became mischievous. He played such tricks and pranks that at last everybody's patience gave out and Yokko was disposed of and disappeared.

"Years went by and the young southerner went from school to college! Soon after his graduation he was visiting in some western city—Chicago I think—and passing along the streets one day he observed a knot of people gathered on a corner. He approached to see what it meant, suddenly a great black thing lighted on his shoulders, his neck was closely clasped and a little cold, black paw was patting and stroking his face, with such an abandon of affection, such an excited chattering and murmuring as completely bewildered the young man for a moment.

"Of course it was Master Yokko descended to the role of an organ monkey, and after all the years, all the travel and toil and change he has recognized his old young master! The delight was mutual and arrangements were soon completed for the repurchase of Yokko. Certainly, if prompt, swift decisive action is indicative of something beyond mere instinct—of intellect in fact—that monkey had it! and there wasn't any question as to his 'nearness to man,' was there?"

Then a navy man who was present told the following:

"You know sailors are always fond of pets and on board a man of war they are especially so; there are always two or three, sometimes more, on board and a ship in southern waters always has a monkey and a parrot. So at Madagascar they brought a big black ape whom the men named 'Majunga' from the name of the poet. She was tame, had had some teaching and all together was very well-behaved. When she first came aboard it

was necessary to shut her up while we were getting off; so a banana was put into an empty chicken coop and Majunga went in. While she was, apparently, absorbed in peeling and eating the banana the door of the coop was closed upon her and fastened by means of a hasp over an eye and a big nail slipped through. So, you see, the monkey was safe. Now, a monkey is always on the watch exactly at the moment when it seems least so; it will look in every direction, but the one it needs to—apparently. Consequently, Majunga had her back to the door all the time—when she had finished her banana she turned around and without one instant's hesitation she put her paw through the bars of the coop, lifted out the nail, pushed open the door and mounted on top of the coop, laid the nail beside her and with evident interest watched what was going on.

"One day she spied a bowl of milk that had been put on a swing shelf—set away for the captain's use. Majunga sprang up onto the shelf, took the bowl and jumped down to the deck with it so lightly that not a drop of the milk was spilled; then she seated herself by me, holding the bowl—and looking straight at me that creature told me what she had done and what she was going to do—it was as plain as possible—no mistaking it. I never felt so humiliated in my life! There was that black ape beside me, talking to me—explaining something to me which she evidently expected me to understand—and I felt that I ought not only to understand her, but that I looked just like her. I actually hated the beast!"

Here there was a shout at the idea of this distinguished intellectual looking man feeling his likeness to a monkey.

"Well, when the explanation was over Madame Majunga lifted the bowl to her head, using her two hands just as I would have done, drank the milk, put the empty bowl back on the swingsheaf and left me to my chagrin."

There was a general laugh and somebody asked about parrots. "Oh, yes—where there's a monkey there will always be a parrot or two. Yes, we have a parrot on board ship and she soon learned to call the captain's orderly a dozen times a day: 'Orderly! orderly! Come here!' imitating the captain's voice, so that the poor orderly had no peace of his life.

"Sometimes when the men were hauling away at some of the gear, Polly would pipe 'belay.' The men would stop and 'belay.' It became very annoying, though one had to laugh at it."

The singular appropriateness of parrot talk is often remarkable. A great gray and crimson parrot, in the country for her summering, had perched herself on a fence separating the garden from a paddock in which some cows and two or three young calves were kept. Polly sat quietly enjoying the sunshine when suddenly one of the calves came bounding toward her with all that peculiar grace of movement that distinguishes those animals—poor Polly was so frightened that she tumbled off her perch over backward to the ground. She got up very much disheveled and very much ashamed and was even heard to say—sotto voce:

"Can't you take a joke, Polly?"

Some Very Peculiar Customs.

In no portion of the world will be found a greater variety of amusements than those indulged in by the inhabitants of Afghanistan. Every European field sport is practiced, horse racing being one of the great attractions at all weddings. The American boy would feel inclined to smile at bearded men engaged in the game of marbles, nevertheless it is played by such throughout the whole of the Afghan country and in Persia. One of their most peculiar games—called khogsye or cabuddee—is played thus: Several persons form sides, and each, taking his left foot in his right hand, hops about on one leg, endeavoring to overturn his adversary, who advances in the same way. Very often bones are broken, but such accidents cause little emotion among the players, who quickly remove the injured one and proceed with the game until one side or the other succumbs. Another very peculiar custom is quail and camel fighting, both being trained by their owners, who, in order to make the combats more interesting, lay wagers on the result—an elaborate dinner being the usual stake. The camels often fight with so much fury that the spectators are obliged to stand out of the way, as the defeated animal generally runs off at his utmost speed, bursting through the crowd at any point, and is frequently pursued by the victor for a mile from the field of battle.

The Koreans are the greatest eaters in the world, their motto undoubtedly being: "We live to eat." The average Korean eats everything he can get his teeth on and he will take a dozen meals a day if afforded the opportunity. He is by no means particular as to the manner in which his food is served. Raw fish is a common article of diet in that country, and slices of uncooked white trout are considered very toothsome by these peculiar people. European travelers who have tested the quality of this food state that it is not at all repulsive after the first mouthful has been masticated. The Korean fisherman, before going out to make a catch, provides himself with a bottle of pepper sauce, and when hungry will take a fish from the hook as soon as caught, scrape off the scales, and sprinkling a quantity of the peppery compound over it, devour it with the greatest gusto. They are great lovers of chicken, but consider that the only necessary preparation is to strip the feathers from the fowl, and without drawing it, put it into an oven to bake. In some cases they will not take the trouble to pick it, but serve it baked in its natural state, feathers and all.

A NORTH CAROLINA SKETCH.

Jamestown, N. C., Letter in Chicago Record.

Every little while I meet Danny Carr on the road, most likely riding his ancient white mule, though occasionally he has his wagon, and in that case he has a "four-horse team," which consists of three mules and a horse.

If he has the wagon Mary is always along. She is twelve years old, with her mother's pale blue eyes. She is lithe and slender as a hickory withe, and she is going to Oaksboro academy next fall.

Danny lives on Chestnut ridge. He always stops and asks the news, though he is not sincere in this, as he knows all the news himself; that is, everything that a reasonable man could care to know about—everything, in fact, that has happened in all the country from Level Cross to the river. And the people beyond that are aliens and altogether unworthy.

A long time ago Danny started out as a married man.

It appeared to be a mistake from the beginning, for Danny never seemed to comprehend the responsibility entailed in matrimony. He had plenty of land, and good enough land of its kind, but it was sadly neglected. Most of it had never been cleared of the original timber and the little that had once been in cultivation had been taken by the young pines. Danny once permitted a cropper to build a cabin on the place with the understanding that they would undertake farming on a somewhat extended scale.

"Law, Andrew," he was wont to say to the cropper, "with them four animals of mine we can make all the corn anybody need want."

"Yes, we ought to raise plenty if the season's right," assented the cropper.

"Now, how much corn do you think me an' you together ought to make, Andrew?"

"Oh, I don't know, Danny. I have raised 200 bushels with one horse."

"Well, me an' you's goin' to manage this thing different. We're goin' to farm right up to the handle. I'll bet we make 500 bushels right here on this old planation."

That was the winter Danny got married.

Occasionally the cropper reminded him that it was time they were doing some clearing and getting ready for the crop.

"If you've never noticed me, Andrew," he once replied, "you've noticed that I never git onduldy excited about anything. What we want to do is to git good and ready—git everything else in shape first—an' then go into clearin' right. I never believed in gettin' my work mixed up."

Andrew had a way of doing the things that presented themselves to him, and he seemed slow to comprehend the advantages of Danny's masterful headwork.

"After all," Danny continued, "they won't be much clearin' to do. Take sich land as that. You ain't used to that kind o' soil that land 'll perduce." He was indicating a little patch down the branch which was covered with willow brush. "That's the reg'lar mulatter land—best kind o' corn ground in the state."

Then he proceeded to point out a dozen or more similar strips of the same excellent "mulatter" color, aggregating a few score.

Andrew was disappointed, as he had somehow imbibed the idea that he was to have for cultivation a generous area of the virgin upland now covered with trees. He felt like expressing himself in strong language, but of this never a word did he say to Danny. He felt that harsh terms did not apply in Danny's case, and if he voiced his feelings at all it must have been in the solitude of the pine thickets or in guarded word to "Han," his wife.

When Danny passed the cropper's cabin a day or two later it was empty.

It was a surprise to Danny himself as well as to everybody else when he got married and brought his wife home. He was thinking about it one afternoon as they were laying the foundation for a garden in the early spring. He had never bothered about a garden before, although each year he had made somewhat extensive plans in that line for the next season. When it came to the actual work Danny readily perceived that the benefits to be derived were of an unsubstantial sort and not commensurate with the trouble and anxiety involved.

"Take a tomat'er, fer instance, Lyddy," he said to his wife. "Tomaters is good enough—some folks likes 'em—but when you come to figger it down they's nothin' to a tomat'er that amounts to anything. An' the trouble with them is the bugs. When you set out a tomat'er plant they ain't no chance in a hundred that you'll ever make anything out of it."

And he was thinking it all over in a retrospective way as she was standing there urging the advantages to be derived from having about two rows of garden peas and a few hills of cucumbers.

"It's funny how come your Uncle Jim to ever bring the idy up."

"What idy?" asked Lyddy.

"'Bout us gittin' married."

"Oh—I didn't know," was Lyddy's only response, as she turned away and went into the house.

She knew that it was furthest from Danny's mind to inflict a hurt and she

was not sure that his thoughtless remark had caused her any pain. Yet she walked with uncertain step and even stumbled at the door as she went in. She had never expected very much from life, but lately—she hardly knew from what time—the little firm ground under her feet seemed to have crumbled away. If he had been weakly led by her Uncle Jim's suggestion into marrying her it was much of a piece with her former life and she accepted it without complaint. As she sat by the window, knitting, she saw him leisurely mending his harness with a strip of hickory bark.

As might be expected, Danny's farming was no more energetic or successful than his gardening. He was always clear out of sight behind the budworms and the weeds, and somehow the rains invariably came just as he was preparing to do his most effective work. At the most pressing part of the season he could sit through half the long day talking with any sociable neighbor who happened along.

So when winter came their supplies of the necessities of life were scanty and insufficient. And just when the little stock was nearly exhausted there was born to them a girl baby, and the third day thereafter the mother died.

With the four-horse team and the empty wagon Danny one day made his way slowly up to the left fork of Caroway. At places the road and the stream followed the same well-worn channel, and at others, always seeming to be at the point of giving out entirely, it zigzagged a ridge and then joined the turbulent little creek again. With his hat pulled down over his eyes Danny sat distractedly tapping the white mule with a switch and scarcely taking note of the way. For almost the first time in his life there had arisen to his knowledge an emergency that called for definite and immediate action.

Suddenly the front mules started from their tired walk as a woman appeared at the side of the road. Danny looked a moment, and then recognized the figure.

"Why, Han, is that you?" he exclaimed. "I was about ready to think I was on the wrong road."

"Who ever thought o' seein' you down this way, Mr. Carr?"

"I had started out to hunt you all up—you an' Andrew."

She noted his worn and hopeless appearance.

"Why, you look porely, Mr. Carr; how's you all comin' on?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Han! Everything's gone to ruin. Lyddy's dead, an' they's a little baby, an' if you an' Andrew don't help me out I'll never git through, that's all. I'll do anything Andrew asks. I want you to come to my house an' take care o' things an' raise that little girl."

They drove on to the house, saying little on the way, as Han, not knowing how her husband would receive such a proposition, refrained from talking the matter over. When Danny fed the mules and went to the house she was diligently at work getting dinner. She was anxious to show her profound sympathy, and the thing that occurred to her, in lieu of fitting words, was to offer a good meal. So the Sunday red tablecloth was spread over the ordinary oilcloth. A ham was cut, which she put to fry before she ground the coffee. Everything in the plainly furnished cabin was almost painfully clean and neat.

When Andrew came to dinner they sat a long time at the table and discussed the new move. As they had no children, Han advocated it from the beginning.

"I can see it all now, Andrew," said Danny. "I never meant to be so m-an an' I didn't kow at the time how onery I was, but now I can see that it was nothing else that made Lyddy die. I want to do better by her little girl. You can come an' do jest as you like with the place, an' I won't interfere, an' I'll help what I can."

So it was agreed to and they loaded in Andrew's household affairs, tied the cow behind the wagon and journeyed back to Chestnut ridge.

A Birthday Party.

Miss Cora and Master Bertie Blackstock celebrated their birthdays in an enjoyable manner on Wednesday evening. They gave a party to their many friends in honor of Cora's ninth and Bertie's twelfth birthdays.

A number of invitations were sent out and it was a large and jolly party that met that evening.

Refreshments of the choicest kind were served and every one had a delightful time playing games, etc. Those present were: Misses Edith Bradley, Mattie Watson, Ida and Pearl Minturn, Adel Bartley, Bertha and Ella Geiter, Bonylin Bennes, Beulah Chambers, May Smith, Masters Harvey and Columbus Kent, Arthur Yarbary, Romee Smith, Cecil Bartley, Flournoy Chatman, Robert and Marcus Barnette, Clarence Davis, and others.

Felt Safe.

From Firefly.

Sunday School Teacher (to little girl)—Do you say your prayers every night before going to bed?

Little Girl (promptly)—No, ma'am.

Sunday School Teacher—Are you not afraid to go to sleep without asking God to watch over you during the darkness?

Little Girl—No, ma'am, I'm not afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle.

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A SPAR-BREAKING CONTEST.

Copyright, 1895, by William J. Henderson.

The sun was sloping to the westward, and the Staten island hills were all purple mist against the glowing yellow of the sky. The ebb tide was running strongly, and over under the St. George shore half a dozen slim cutters, three fat, black-sided Italian barks, and a great white cruiser, with a film of blue smoke wavering above two of her three ochre funnels and the bright ensign drooping wearily at her taffrail staff, were tugging wilfully at their tense cables. A fast steam yacht was coming up through the Narrows, every flag standing out as flat as a board, and a wide streamer of oily brown smoke swirling away over her starboard quarter, while under her bows the yellow water spouted asunder in two glittering fountains of silver. It was a lovely, if somewhat familiar, scene, and as the staunch racing sloop Vindex slowly stemmed the tide just to the northward of Fort Lafayette, with her bowsprit pointing at the Atlantic Yacht Club anchorage (a good hour away, at the speed she was going), three young men lying stretched at full length on her deck drank in its beauty without speech, till suddenly one of them broke the silence.

"I say, Jordan," he drawled, lazily, "were you ever in a real out and out, hammer and tongs, stick-breaking race?"

"No," answered Jordan, slowly; "I've always had the luck to carry all my spars home with me."

"Well, then," said the third, "you fellows ought to have been with me in my match in the Corona against the Thisbe two years ago."

Blake's Story.

"Tell us about it, Blake," said Jordan. "That's just what I'm going to do," replied Blake, as he stretched himself more comfortably.

"It was in October, two years ago," he began, "that we came down here to sail that match. It was the result of a rather hot discussion on the clubhouse veranda, between Driscoll and me, about the relative merits of our boats. We finally agreed to race without time allowance over the old New York Yacht Club course. Commodore Simms agreed to act as judge, and came down from Larchmont in his steam yacht Psyche. We went through the usual preparations; had the boats on the ways, and had them pot-leaded to the sheer strakes; had the standing rigging set up and the running gear overhauled, and had the cabin fittings sent ashore. The day before the match was as fine a fall day as I remember. It was clear, sunny and warm, with a nice, steady breeze from the southwest—an ideal day for a race in light draught sixty-footers. The old weather sharps down here said we were going to have pretty much the same sort of day on the morrow, with the winds perhaps a trifle more southerly. Well, the sun went down redder than Billy Brown's new private signal, and I made up my mind that we would have either a flat calm or a dirty rain. But as I didn't rate in the weather expert class, I kept my tongue still.

A Shifting Wind.

"When I turned out at 7 o'clock the next morning, however, I found that I didn't know anything at all about weather. The wind was light—very light—and about north by west. My sailing master said it would die out before noon and come in from the



"TELL US ABOUT IT, BLAKE."

southward; that was always the way with a northerly wind in the morning. But for once the ordinary rule didn't hold good. Instead of dying out, the wind worked over to north-nor-west, and freshened so that at 9:30 o'clock, when we got our anchor and stood out for the starting line, it was blowing about all we needed for carrying racing sail. However, both of us sent up our club topsails and stood by for a lively run down to the southwest spit.

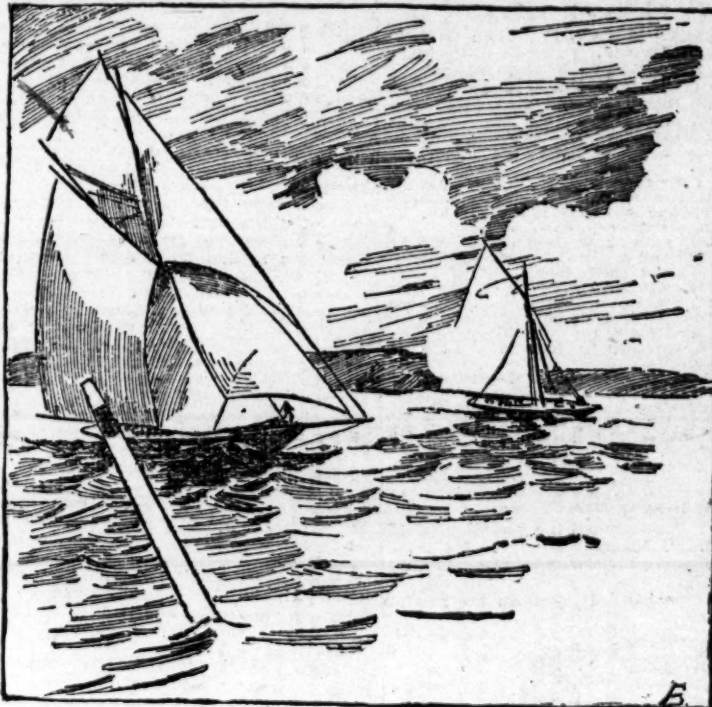
"The starting gun was fired at 10 o'clock to the second, and just twenty seconds later I sent the Vindex across the line with my main boom out to port and my balloon jib topsail up in stops. I reckoned that it wasn't quite safe to break it out just then, but I counted on doing so as soon as I got well under the lee of Staten island. But bless your heart! Driscoll broke his

out on the line, which he crossed thirty seconds behind me, and at once began to pick me up. So I broke out my big head-sails right away.

A Tearing Blow.

"I tell you, boys, it made my heart jump to see the way the topmast swayed at times under the tremendous strain that was put upon it. But we flew! The water fairly boiled under our lee bow. But Driscoll wasn't satisfied. He wasn't gaining on me at as fast a pace as he desired. So, when we were just about entering the Narrows, and the wind, drawing through the opening between the two islands, came pretty nearly aft, he lowered away his spinnaker boom to starboard, and began to get the sail up in stops. Of course, if I didn't do the same thing then and there, he would get a lead on me, providing his spars held, and I felt pretty sure they would, for they were stouter than mine. So I gave the order to put the spinnaker on the Vindex. Fortunately, the wind didn't blow quite so heavily at that moment, and I got the sail broken out safely. But my heart was in my mouth. My sailing master stood in the weather side, just forward of the mast, and alternately looked at the topmast and at me. But we held the Thisbe right where we had her when we first broke out the balloon jib topsail.

"As the yacht rushed out from under the lee of Staten island the wind hauled a little more on the quarter, and with a feeling



THE THISTLE CROSSED THE FINISH LINE JUST FORTY SECONDS ASTERN.

of infinite relief I saw Driscoll take in his spinnaker. I got mine in at once, and had the boom topped up. How I wished he would take in his balloon head sail, too. But Driscoll was never an accommodating man.

"Not to make this yarn too long, however, I will say that we both got down to the southwest spit without losing any of our spars, though I think I sprouted a few stray hairs on the way. We gybed around the buoy carefully, and then, with a smashing breeze over the port quarter ran out to the lightship. I knew the trouble would begin as soon as we had gybed around the lightship and hauled on the wind, for I had noticed as we ran out that there was a pretty lively chop on the sea, and I knew that as soon as we came to butt into it something would go. We came up on the wind under mainsail, club topsail, fore staysail and jib.

The Critical Moment.

"The Thisbe was not over fifty yards astern of us. We began to plunge into the short, green seas and the white spray went smoking across our bows.

"Bang!" "Bobstay's parted, sir!" shouted one of my crew forward.

"Of course, bobstay's bound to go," I sent two hands to set up the bowsprit shrouds as taut as we dared, and hammered ahead. I began to feel the racing recklessness rise within me now, and I held the Vindex down to her work at every puff.

"Cra-a-a-sh! Jangle! Bo-o-om!"

"I knew it! Any man that would try to carry a club topsail to windward in a fresh nor'wester deserved to lose his topmast, and there was mine hanging down to leeward with a tangle of rigging and slatting canvass about it. For an instant we were all dazed, and then my sailing master started in with the crew to clear away the wreck. Did Driscoll's topmast carry away? Oh, no!

But he took in his club topsail and set the working sail, which he could carry nicely. Now, he began to gain on me, and was soon on my weather bow. Well, we got the wreck cleared away before we reached the point of the Hook, and taking it all in all, we were not so far behind. But right on the bar we met a nasty jump of sea and then, bliff! bang!

"Forestay parted, sir!" yelled a hand forward.

"Up with your helm, sir!" shouted the sailing master.

A Glorious Victory.

"I think I turned pale, as I whirled the spokes around, for the mainsail was sagging down and full of bags, and I expected to see the mast come tumbling over among the crowd of us aft, and no one can tell what would have been the result. The jib sail was still standing, but I didn't think it would stand the strain a second. However, I got her paid off, and there we were running off toward Seabright, while the Thisbe was holding her course past the point of the Hook. Well, we got in our foresail. Then we unhooked the runner tackles and got the runners and their pendants forward of the mast. We put a stout strop around the bowsprit close to the gammon iron, hooked the runner tackles into it, set taut and so we had a makeshift forestay. Then I hauled her on the wind again, and began to beat up for the Hook. By this time the Thisbe was a good two miles ahead of us; but I said I didn't care; I was going to finish the race or perish in the attempt. I still had my jib and mainsail, and in the wind that was blowing that was comfortable canvass. I got the Vindex around the



Nellie Jane Wilson, Montrose, Wis.—Dear Junior: I thought I would write you a letter as I have never seen one from the state of Wisconsin. I am twelve years of age, and my papa thinks The Constitution is the best paper there is; he is more than pleased on the stand you take on the silver question.

I like to read the Junior correspondence very much. I do not go to school now as we have a vacation.

We are having awful dry weather now. Papa has cut some of his oats for hay.

Note.—Don't write on both sides of your paper.

Minnie Henderson, Jackson, Miss.—Dear Junior: My mother takes your paper and I am glad to see it, and wish to join your happy circle. I have been going to school, but our school has closed till September. My father is dead; he has been dead three years. We have a very nice Sunday school here.

I send 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

John Gilbreath, Hiwassee College, Tenn.—It has been three years since I wrote to The Constitution, and since that time I have thought many times I would write again, but I have neglected it until now.

I am a Tennessean, and like all other Tennesseans, I am proud of it. I am a farmer's boy, and I live in Monroe, east Tennessee. I think Tennessee is the best state in the union, with the exception of Georgia.

I am twelve years old, and I think myself a man. I have several pets, but the most peculiar one is a young alligator. It was brought from southeastern Florida by my brother-in-law. It is about 1½ feet long, and its mouth extends far back past its eyes, which are of a gray color. I have a pig and a calf.

My school begins soon and I am expecting to go. We have chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, hog, cows and horses.

I am expecting the thrasher soon to thrash our oats and wheat. I hope it will come before school commences so I will get to see it thrashed.

I will ask a question:

In what year did Milton marry?

Ilma Davis, Bluff Springs, Fla.—Dear Junior: About three months ago I wrote a letter to the Junior, I looked to see if it would be published as I sent a dime to the Grady hospital, but I never saw it, and now I am going to try again and send 5 cents. I would not care to much for my letter, if I only knew you had the dime, as I am anxious to add my mite to help build the children's ward, and I have so few mites.

I am a little girl nine years old. My baby brother, five years, had a pet, a big black cat that he loved dearly, and it got sick and seemed to suffer so, it most broke his little heart, and mamma asked papa to kill it. I was sorry too that it had to die; my little brother and me buried him in the cornfield. We have the prettiest little calf named Pansy.

My half brother, Brooks Corley, is a subscriber to The Constitution, but he is not at home now, and we don't know where he is, and mamma is so anxious about him, I wonder if any one that reads The Junior has seen him.

Mattie L. W. Dunham, the answer to your question is "Joshua."

Note.—We did not receive your other letter; thanks for this.

Clyde McCreight, Starkville, Miss.—I am a little boy eight years old. I have not been to school very much, but my mother teaches me at home.

My uncle takes The Constitution, and we all like it very much. I enjoy the letters from the young people.

I feel sorry for the little children who have no one to care for them in sickness, and I am glad you are going to provide a place for their comfort. I send you 10 cents for my little sister Lucile, and 10 cents for myself, to help you in this good work; I hope you will get the amount you need.

We are going to send for one of your pictures as soon as we can get the money. Wishing you success, I close.

Note.—Your letter is nicely written, and Aunt Susie is proud of it.

Flauda Wellborn, Rutledge, Ga.—I have for sometime been reading and enjoying the letters from the young folks, and come now asking permission to join their happy circle.

I live about three miles from the little town of Rutledge.

Can any one tell me of the whereabouts of R. C. Watts? He is my father, and I have not heard from him in eleven years. I live with my grandparents, for mother is dead.

I will be very much obliged to any one who will write to me and tell me where my father is.

Will some of the cousins please send me "Hidden Hand," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and "Bonnie Doon?" I will return if desired.

I will exchange "Blue Eyed Boy," "Kiss Me Again," and "Can Your Sweetheart Keep a Secret," for "Douglas Tender and True," "I Will Be All Smiles Tonight, Love."

Robert Hawkins, Ceres, Cal.—Dear Aunt Susie: I am a little boy eleven years of age. As I have not seen any letter from this place, I thought I would write one. My papa is a farmer and takes The Constitution, and we all like it.

I enclose you 10 cents for the children's ward; also 1 cent stamp for the little book of poems.

Note.—There has been no book since Christmas.

May T. Yalzer, ElSordo, Texas.—Our school closed a few weeks ago, and in about a week after, our teacher was taken very sick, we were all very sorry for her; out here we are so far from a physician.

The stage runs by here to Rio Grande City, and we get the mail every day. My grandpa is postmaster. I love to read and write.

My sister gave me a book for a birthday present, the title of it is "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Have any of the cousins read it; I think it is very interesting.

Enclosed you will find 15 cents for the Grady hospital.

With best wishes for all cousins and a portion for yourself, I close.

It was at this point that the rude man succumbed to a nervous shock

18 Years a Sufferer

Dr. Radway & Co., New York, August 12, 1894.—I have been suffering from dyspepsia for over 18 years and have had several doctors, but without good result. I tried Dr. Radway's Pills to the extent of ten boxes, but my sickness grew worse instead of better, and I became so that I had only to see my food before me and I had enough and could eat nothing. But now I have been taking your Radway's Pills and I must express my thanks to you. They have cured me and I am all right again so that I can enjoy eating and drinking. Yours respectfully,

JOHN REZEN

147 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. Radway & Co., New York.—It gives me great pleasure to voluntarily state that your Pills are much superior to others I have tried. Being greatly troubled with headache and constipation, I find that they give me instant relief, which other Pills could not do.

PETER KIRBY

2530 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Cure all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Dizziness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation and all Disorders of the Liver. 25 cents per box. At drug stores or by mail. Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 865, New York, for "Book of Advice."

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with counterfeits—your money deserves the best—if you don't get it blame yourself—brands of known merit cost more than inferior whisky, but, oh! what a difference in the morning.

"canadian club" is being imitated—look out! bluthenthal "b. & b." & bickart. marietta and forsyth sts. hello! No. 378. "the big whisky house."

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TWO TITLED MODELS.

A Genuine French Countess and a German Baroness . .

A Summer Life Saver Who is in Great Demand for Studio Posturing in Winter . .

New York, August 3.—Not very long ago, while a prominent artist of New York was busy at his easel, the brass knocker rapped three times, and, rising, he opened the door. "Who is it?" he said, not very pleased at the interruption. "Do you want a model?" was the response.

He looked at her with the rapid glance of the man who knows the meaning of form and color and the value of every feature. Apparently there was nothing to recommend her. The face was not beautiful, the skin and features were coarse, there was no pomegranate on the lips, no rose petal on the cheek nor shell tint in the ear. The hair was dark, yellow gray; the eyes dull and heavy, the mouth and jaw thick and hard. All of this detail he saw as she passed through the doorway unnoted.

"What are your recommendations?" he asked her, half sneeringly. "I have a good figure," she answered promptly.

"Are you a professional model?" was the next query. "I have never posed at all," she replied. "I'm a housemaid. I read something in the papers about the lots of money the models made and I thought I'd like it better than being out at service."

The artist looked at the young Irish woman a moment, and, glancing about the room, wondering what to say to her, his eye fell upon his half-clad model seated upon the stand. "Miss B—," he said, "will you tell this young woman about the life. She wants to be a model."

Miss B— with an easy, natural movement threw the end of her garnet velvet toga across her shoulders and gave the visitor such a lengthy description of the trials, hardships and troubles of a model's life in the studios that when she advised the artistically inclined housemaid to go back to making the beds and scrubbing and waxing floors, the latter concluded she had better bear the ills she knew than fly to those she knew not of, and took her departure as abruptly as she had come.

Easy To Begin. Young women endowed with beauty or grace find no difficulty in gaining attention, and, indeed, if they make up their minds to enter the list, a tap at a studio door will frequently result in an engagement; and sometimes young people who have been strictly brought up and who love to sail the seas of adventure, apply incognito at artists' haunts. Sometimes they falter when when they discover what the requirements of the model are, and return home wiser, if chagrined and ashamed of their performance; sometimes they enter the life and continue it "unbeknownst" to any one at home.

If young girls are easiest to obtain, young men are the most difficult, as the standard of artistic masculine beauty and symmetry is hard to find realized. Lately, too, there has been a demand that is almost a fad for old women and men. Often a man or woman can be found who, like certain all-around actors, is a sort of "general utility man or woman," and who can assume the "flowering almond of age," but the real old person with the naturally scarred and seamed careworn face gives joy to the artist.

Money-Making Grandmother. These old persons can be dressed and put to any useful occupation such as peeling potatoes or apples or knitting or playing any role from ancient mariner to shoemaker and wood-chopper.

There is an old woman in New York who made her living by sewing for many years, but once when in the home of one of her patrons, a young lady sketched her, and the old woman, taking the hint, applied herself with energy to getting engagements, and now supports her young orphaned grandchildren comfortably with the aid of her two livelihoods.

Aristocratic Models. Models do not always come from the lower ranks of life. One of the favorites in New York is a French countess noted for her beautiful, golden hair, very luxuriant and clustering around her head in rich waves and her soft complexion. She has suffered the slings and arrows of fortune, having been by turns actress, writer and sculptor, finally taking up the present mode of livelihood, and, being so much in demand, she secures a good income. She takes an enormous interest in her work and likes to throw herself into the part. Sometimes she will even search everywhere for beautiful textiles, brocades and velvets, and make the costumes for her character studies. This enthusiasm for her work adds a further touch of zeal to the artist and pictures in which she figures are unusually successful.

(Another) titled model, who would be greatly in demand if she would accept promiscuous engagements, is a German princess, whose title is not a pretense, but a reality. Her husband ran through his fortune and hers and nearly every form of work was attempted, until the noble lady had to try posing for the artists. She only allows her head to be drawn or painted, and only sits for lady artists, and although the men have tried many times to win her for a pose, she still refuses, yet in her limited circle she has had great success.

It Bars One Socially. No matter what the blood, what the appearance, what the genius, what the education, a man or woman who lets himself or herself out to artists as a model is forever barred from crossing the threshold of society.

There is nothing improper in the relation of artist and model, for even in the most posings the woman may if she pleases remain the statue of Galatea and never come to life, and still less questionable is the model who takes "character parts," but, nevertheless, the unconventional situation is not approved by the canons of Mrs. Grundy, even if her less shockable sisters. The very fact that men and women, young or old, clever or ignorant, are all classed together as models, settles this; and a model, whether posing for the nude, or draped, or dressed in costume, or decorated in any way, is always a model, belonging to the class that is regarded as the servants of the artists.

This is, however, not the artist's point of view, but the chart seen through the social operaglass. The former considers models too commonplace associated with the detail of the studio to command any serious thought or attention. He keeps his list of available models, engages them by the year or week, or perhaps hurries to the city early in the season to secure Miss A, or Miss X, for a certain day every week during the winter, knowing she will give him just the outline or just the head, or profile, or expression, or throw herself into the part of the medieval princess or the houri, or the nymph he has in mind for his coming masterpiece to be shown at spring or fall exhibition.

Perhaps he has been to Europe for the summer and has brought home some rare bits of tapestry, or carven cab furniture, and desires a slender, fair-haired maiden to sit with her "brooding frame" and sigh for the absent knight. He may remember a model with a romantic face that posed for a similar picture, and from his friend secures the address and searches for this model until he finds her. In this way many are sought, and one engagement leads to another; and those who have acquired a reputation need never be without work unless they please.

Class Posings. Of course classes pay better than indi-

vidual artists, but more is expected of the model then, and usually two sittings are required, afternoons, as well as mornings. Many models object to posing for a class; it is possible that the scrutiny, analysis, and observing glances from a number of people are more trying than those from one person? The highest price a good model receives is 50 cents an hour or \$1.50 a morning. Sometimes, indeed, they pose three times a day, gaining \$25 to \$30 a week.

Hardships of Life. Although making one's living as a model is usually determined by accident and without any knowledge of the art of posing, the latter is soon learned. This consists in an intelligent understanding of various positions of energy, and how to rest upon and depend upon a certain set of muscles without fatigue, and therefore some models go so far as to study the system of Delsarte, whose aesthetic gymnastics not only teach one habitual poses of grace, but best to spare and save, and use and replenish nervous force and vital energy. Some of them grow very fond of the studio life, and gossip, and patois of the painter's guild, and take a delight and personal interest in the pictures they help to make.

Familiar Figures. Models for book illustrations differ a little in the fact that they have to supply themselves with several fashionable toilettes, including parasols, fans, veils, hats, cloaks and capes, and short, they must have all the latest paraphernalia of a "grande dame." Artists, who pick up books illustrated by New York artists almost invariably recognize the model though she may be differently dressed and variously treated. There is one who frequently appears in the work of many illustrators, and strange to say they all draw a little bangle that she wears habitually on her wrist.

Even to the model who regards her work merely from the financial standpoint the life is not always satisfactory. There comes a season when there is a general exodus of artists and he is deprived of work. Happily are those who are so well placed as New York man-model who poses in the winter and belongs to the life-saving station in the summer, and when he returns to the city every autumn he is so hard of muscle and so richly tinted and bronzed by play of wind and sun and wave that his services are in demand, and he is a popular figure in artistic circles. What is more, he is those who are so well placed as some of the artists who patronize him.

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